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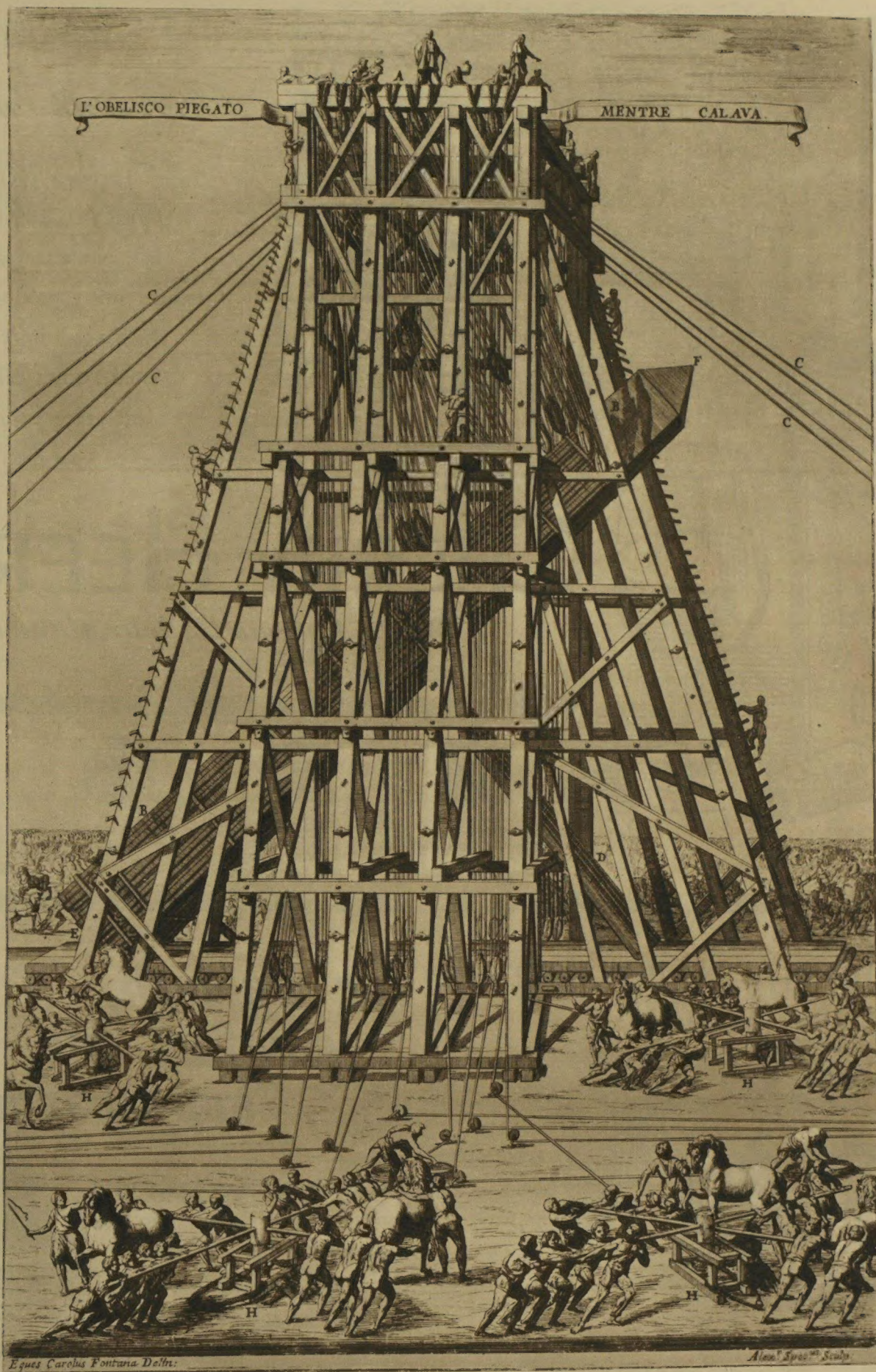


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“Acqua alle corde!” The Obelisk in the Piazza di San Pietro in Rome was erected in 1586 with the help of 800 workmen and 140 horses. This detail from Carlo Fontana’s engraving gives some idea of the grandeur of the operation. It was a close thing, so the story goes. The architect had not allowed for the enormous strain on the ropes and their consequent stretching. But, though silence was imposed under pain of death, one of the workmen—a sailor from San Remo—shouted at the critical moment: “Acqua alle corde!”

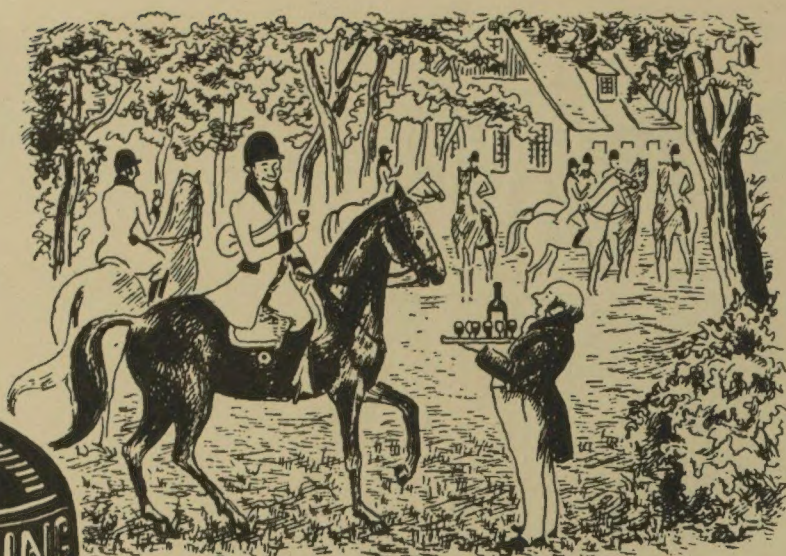
And the water on the ropes, tautening them, saved the day. These days the builder works with far more manageable materials. Some of the most versatile are made by the Building Boards Division of the Bowater Organisation. Made from compressed wood fibre, these boards are used, among a thousand other uses, as insulating materials in ceilings, as partitions in houses, as panelling in railway coaches or in ships... all over the world they are essential to the architect and builder of today.

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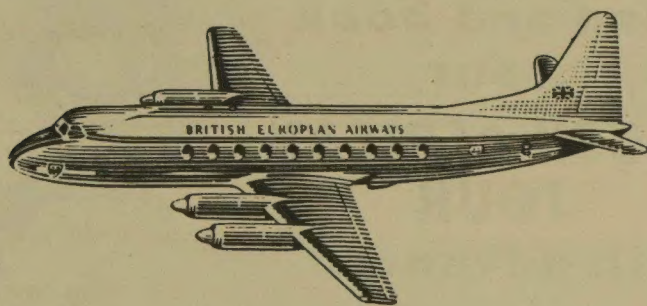
No. 639. With coal effect £17.16.6. tax paid
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Size: 22" w. x 24½" h. x 11" d. (2 kW)

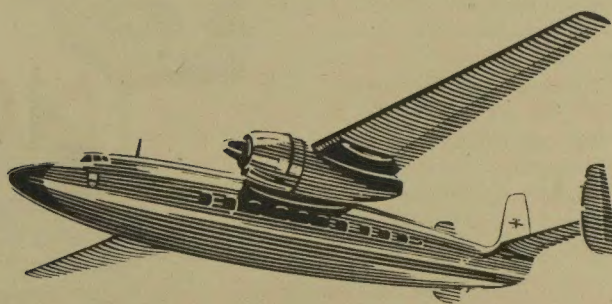
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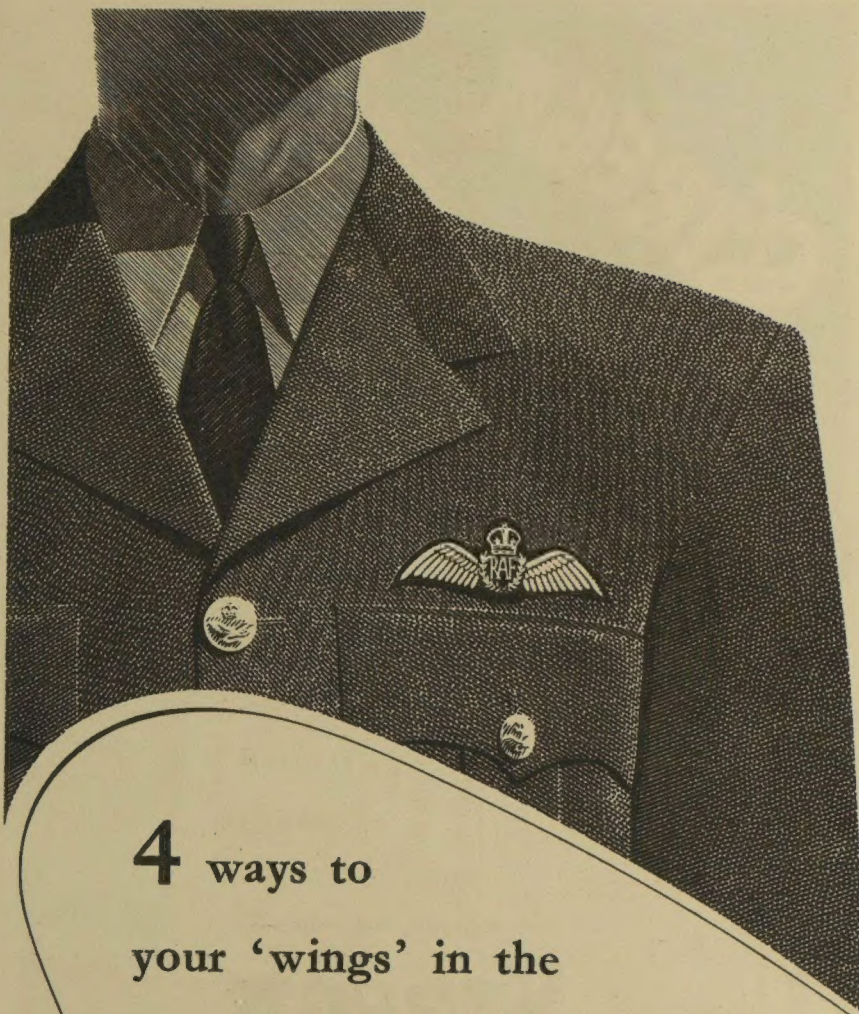
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the many ground branches for which
better-than-average men are always
needed. The table below gives
you an indication of the types of
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	Technical	17½-28	Higher National Certificate
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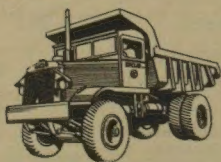
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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1953.



RESEMBLING PICCADILLY CIRCUS IN THE RUSH-HOUR: A VIEW OF THE 38TH INTERNATIONAL MOTOR EXHIBITION AT EARL'S COURT, SHOWING THE GREAT CROWD OF VISITORS EXAMINING THE NEW MODELS OF FAMOUS FIRMS.

On October 21 H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh opened the Thirty-eighth International Motor Exhibition at Earl's Court, and in his address said that it was expected that 400,000 new vehicles would be put on the roads this year—"Roads which are already among the world's most congested and confused." His Royal Highness added: "Congested roads are not only a danger to life and limb, they are slowly stifling commercial communications." A record total of 74,322 persons

visited the Motor Show on the first two days, 11,579 more than in the same period last year, and great crowds surged round the Ford, Standard and Austin stands, where the new lower-priced cars were on view. There are more than forty new models among the 300 cars exhibited and six nations are represented. The Marine section stages exhibits ranging from small boats, some constructed of glass fibre, to cabin cruisers. The Show closes to-day (October 31).



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

HALF a century ago, when I was a boy, those who ruled this country still believed in a principle of diplomacy called the Balance of Power. The chief exponent of this principle was the wise old man who was then Prime Minister, and about whom his kinsman, Algernon Cecil, and more recently, Mr. Kennedy, in his admirable biography of Lord Salisbury, have so well and movingly written. Like all principles operated by human beings, that of the Balance of Power was subject to abuse and error. Later, about the time that I reached manhood, it became violently criticised, largely

because it was held to have brought about the terrible World War then raging. Looking back over the events of the last century, I believe the exact opposite to have been the case. The 1914-18 war arose, not because this rich and powerful country had acted in 1904 and after in accordance with the principles of the Balance of Power, but because, in 1870, under the influence of the shallow Gladstonian principle of non-interference, it had failed to do so. By permitting a militarist Prussia and Germany to become too strong, it had allowed a free rein to the arrogance and sabre-rattling activities of German Princes and statesmen that created the international tensions that brought about war in 1914 and so nearly brought it about in 1911. International society, being operated by human beings, requires, like every other form of human society, a series of consistently applied checks and balances to prevent any one man or nation from being able to ride rough-shod over the interests, beliefs and opinions of others. We learnt that lesson in this country nearly a thousand years ago. When in the eighteenth century we became a great world Power, we instinctively applied it to the international relationships in which we found ourselves playing so important a part. Lord Salisbury in this was the heir and repository of the enduring foreign policy of England: of Walpole and Pitt, of Castlereagh, Canning and Palmerston. He was interpreting in practice the great historical principle enunciated by his contemporary, Lord Acton, that all power corrupts and that absolute power corrupts absolutely.

To-day, after forty years of very painful experience, we are beginning to realise that our ancestors were wiser than we supposed. We have seen what happens when any one Power is allowed to have its own way in a world where having one's own way too much always leads to disaster for everyone concerned. Neither too much Russian power in the East nor too much American power in the West has been good for the world or has made for peaceful and reasonable international relations. Until we can achieve a world with a single Government—and we are most unlikely to do so in our time—it is better to have a world in which no one or two nations are predominant, but one in which the interests and capacities of both greater and lesser Powers are reasonably balanced. One of the saving virtues of England has always been that we have never allowed any man, however powerful, noble or learned, to be without the society and check of his equals. A squire might be omnipotent in his own village, but he was certainly not omnipotent in his club or the House of Commons. When one of George III's sons announced his intention of speaking vehemently on a controversial measure in the House of Lords, he was warned that if he did so he would get neighbours' fare. He got it. An eighteenth-century Duke of Dorset during his sojourn at Harrow School, in an age when aristocracy was as much a fetish as democracy is to-day, was always flogged twice for his offences—once for the offence and once for being a Duke. Such expressions of the eternal English instinct for balancing things up

helped to keep men, even the most powerful, in their place. None of us are so wise that we can be allowed with safety to get out of it.

An illuminating instance of this can be seen in the greater moderation of American foreign policy since it has become known that the Russians have exploded a hydrogen bomb. Nothing could be more pacific, humane and benevolent than American idealism, and nothing, one would have thought—judging by results—less so than that of Soviet Russia. Yet the realisation that they cannot have things wholly their own way and must

be prepared to make an accommodation with others, has apparently had a most salutary effect on the wisdom and statesmanship of the kindly, upright and well-intentioned men who direct the external policy of the United States. They have suddenly stopped being that sterile and provocative thing, "tough," and become reasonable and accommodating. Whether their power-drunk opponents will become any more so remains to be seen. But I am convinced that the change in the American attitude, so long as power is truly balanced, will tend to make them so. That is what the Balance of Power always achieves. It makes men see reason and offer reason.

That is why, apart from the urgent needs of self-defence, I want to see Britain strong again, especially in the air—the sphere in which any war

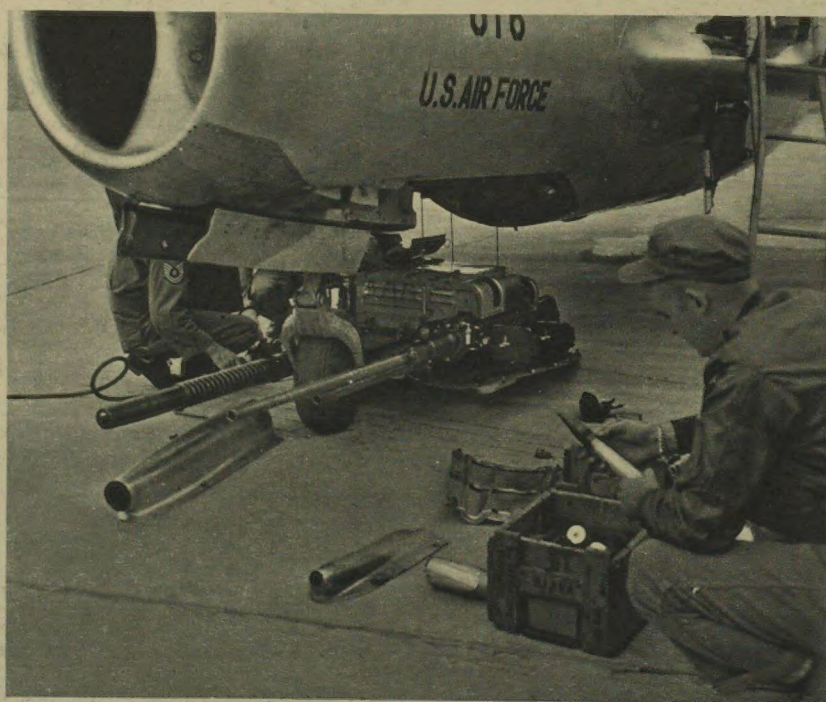
in the immediately foreseeable future will be decided. I do not want to see her dominate the other great Powers of the world—she has never, indeed, done that even when, as in 1815 and 1918, she was temporarily able to do so. But I want to see her take her place as a full equal in the councils of the greater Powers. I want to see her again in a position to prevent, by the experienced and long-transmitted wisdom of her counsels, the kind of situation that has seemingly so unnecessarily and precipitately arisen at Trieste. Precipitate and unilateral decisions in international affairs are nearly always dangerous, and, in trying to do justice to one ally, one cannot help feeling, the Western Powers have been less than just to an older and more faithful one. Britain's business in the world, as I see it, is to exercise moderating counsels and prevent the superior power of one nation over another from ever being carried to excess. Her instinct, and that of her people and statesmen, is always to do this, yet she can only do so if and when she herself is strong, for her influence, if it is to achieve its purpose, must be exerted, not merely against the weak, but against the very powerful. A world divided into armed camps, each dominated by an all-powerful dictating partner, is not a world in which peace is likely to be preserved. Some more balanced system is needed in

which, while the Western parliamentary Powers combine for purposes of mutual defence, dictatorship by any one nation is avoided. The gradual restoration of Britain to power by her statesmen, scientists and airmen will herald the return of political mankind to a state of greater equilibrium. It may not be achieved for another decade, yet, if war can be averted in the meantime, I believe it is likely for this reason to be averted for a much longer period and perhaps altogether. The statesmen and people of the United States have done mankind an immeasurable service since 1942, both in war and peace. But it is not good for them or anyone else that they should retain a monopoly of power or be anything more than *primus inter pares*. That they should be no more is in accordance with their own democratic institutions and with the salutary ideals which their ancestors carried across the Atlantic from this little island three centuries ago.

THE SURRENDERED MIG-15.



THE RUSSIAN-BUILT MIG-15 FIGHTER, WHICH WAS SURRENDERED TO UNITED NATIONS FORCES BY A NORTH KOREAN PILOT. IT IS HERE SHOWN AT OKINAWA, WITH U.S.A.F. MARKINGS, AFTER BEING TESTED AND FLOWN BY FIVE U.S.A.F. PILOTS, WHO FOUND IT INFERIOR TO THE SABREJET.



EXAMINING THE SURRENDERED MIG-15'S ARMAMENT. IT CARRIES TWO 23-MM. CANNONS AND ONE 37-MM. CANNON, MOUNTED ON A PLATFORM WHICH CAN BE RAISED AND LOWERED BY CABLES.

On September 21 a North Korean pilot, whose name has been kept secret, flew a Russian-built MIG-15 jet fighter and landed it at Kimpo Air Base, near Seoul. This surrender of a MIG-15 came after the truce and five months after the U.S. offer of a 100,000-dollar reward. The pilot said he was not interested in money but just wanted to escape, according to one report, but according to another he knew of the offer. On September 24 the U.S. Secretary of Defence, Mr. Wilson, announced that the aircraft would be returned to its owners. In the meantime the MIG-15 had been flown to Okinawa, where U.S.A.F. officers studied and tested it. They reported that its performance was inferior to that of the Sabrejet. The reward of 100,000 dollars (£35,714) was duly paid to the North Korean pilot.

ON THE ROADS IN THE LAND OF CANALS.



A DUTCH ROAD WHERE THE SPEED OF MOTOR VEHICLES IS UNLIMITED: A TWENTY-MILE-LONG RIBBON OF CONCRETE ON A DYKE BETWEEN WIDE EXPANSES OF WATER.



FITTED WITH A HUGE SPEEDOMETER ON THE REAR: A TECHNICAL ASSISTANCE CAR OF HOLLAND'S ROAD SERVICE OF THE TOURISTS' UNION.



A FINE ENGINEERING WORK: THE TUNNEL UNDER THE RIVER MEUSE TO CARRY MOTOR TRAFFIC. A SIMILAR TUNNEL HAS BEEN CONSTRUCTED FOR BICYCLISTS.

During the course of this month, twenty-two road safety experts from fifteen countries met in London for a two-weeks study of road traffic and road safety problems during a course arranged by the British Council in connection with the Ministry of Transport and other bodies. These delegates also participated in the Road Safety Week events and demonstrations arranged by the Royal Society for the Prevention of Accidents. In view of this International Conference on road safety, our photographs of roads in Holland are of special interest. Holland's Road Service of the Tourists' Union is comparable with the British A.A. and R.A.C. The huge speedometer on the back of the Union's Technical Assistance car enables motorists to check their own instruments. A special tunnel for bicyclists, who are numerous in Holland, runs under the Meuse, in addition to that for motor traffic.

ROAD SAFETY TESTS: CYCLING AND DRIVING.

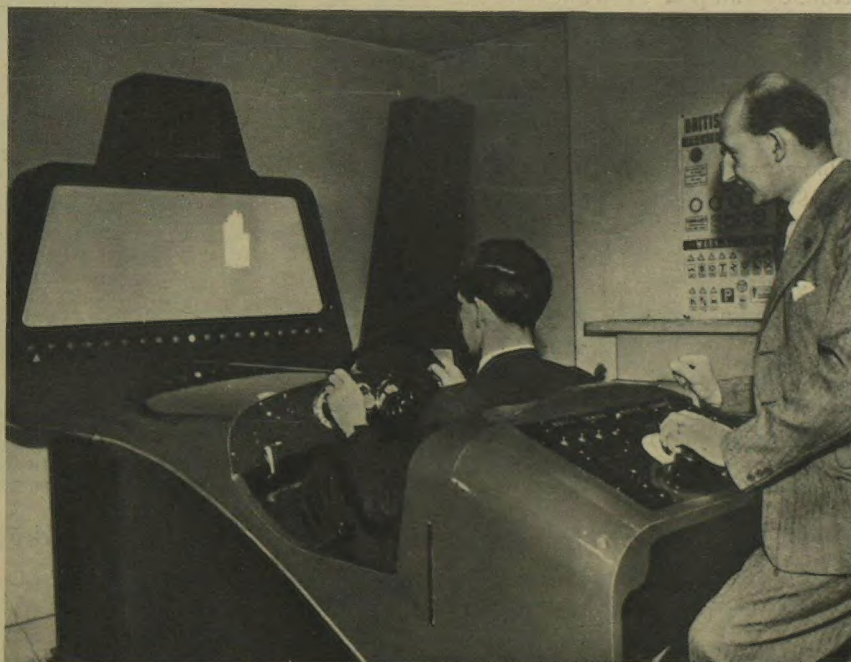
During the course of the National Road Safety Week which was held from October 17 until October 28, various demonstrations and exhibitions took place and schemes were inaugurated in the hope that the public conscience might be roused to a deeper sense of horror at the number of accidents which occur on our roads. The exhibitions included one arranged by the West London Road Safety Committee on behalf of the Ministry of Transport at Charing Cross Underground Station: There members of the public were able to have their driving and riding reactions tested in various ways. A cycle trainer and a motor trainer were installed, by means of which the illusion of travelling along a road is created, and the individual's rapidity of reaction to emergencies tested. Our photographs show similar types of trainer which are in use at the Royal Society for the Prevention of Accidents London H.Q., and at the Road Research Laboratory, Langley, Bucks.



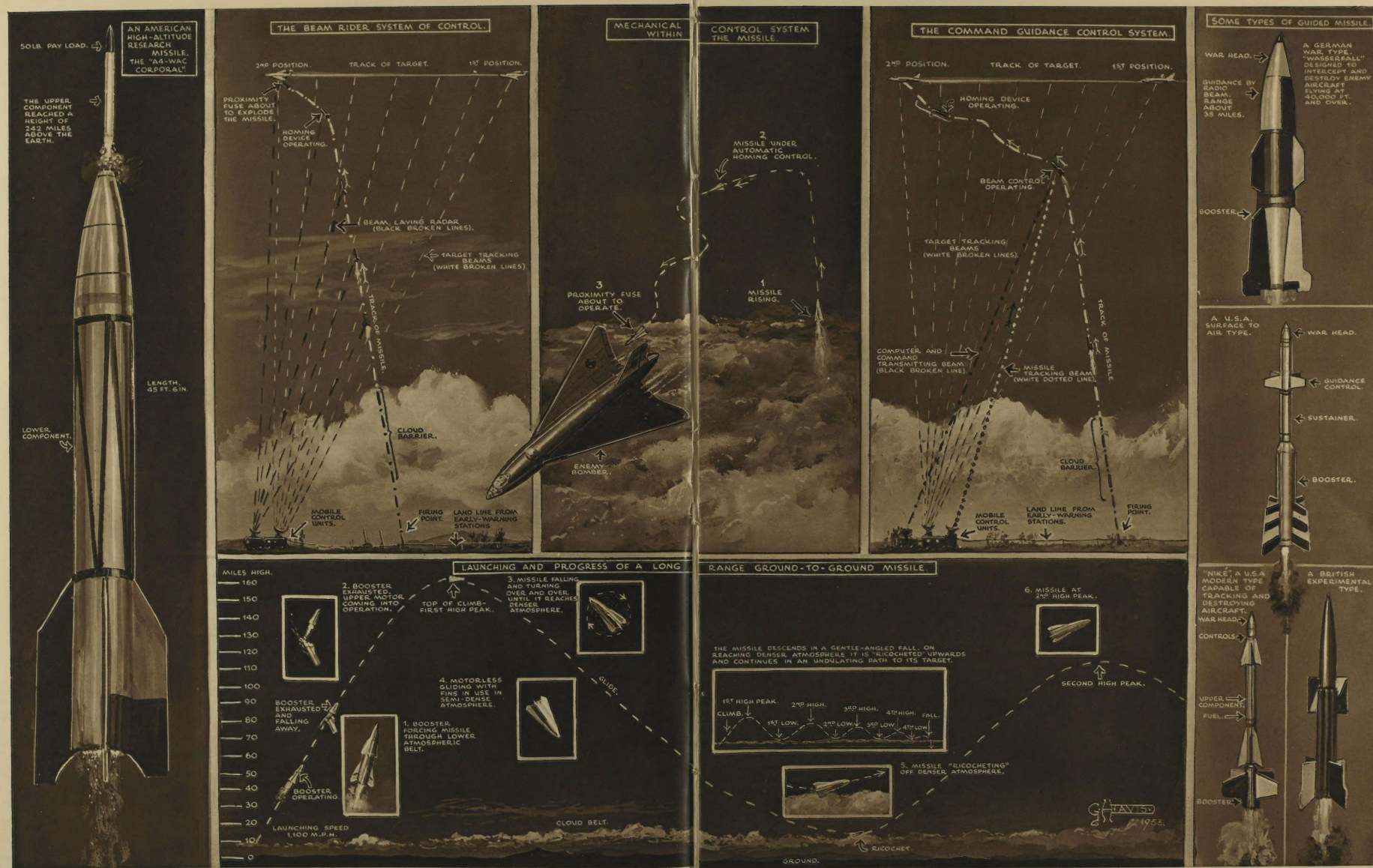
THE CYCLE TRAINER. BY MEANS OF A FILM TAKEN WHILE TRAVELLING ALONG A ROAD AND THEN PROJECTED, THE ILLUSION OF MOVING IS CREATED.



STATIC MOTORING TO TEST QUICKNESS OF REACTIONS: A MILES TRAINER USED AT THE LONDON H.Q. OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF ACCIDENTS.



WHAT ARE THE PUPIL'S REACTIONS TO A ROAD SIGN FLASHED ON THE SCREEN? AN INSTRUCTOR TESTING A DRIVER BY MEANS OF THE ROSPA SENIOR MOTOR TRAINER.



THE GUIDED MISSILE IN THE AERIAL WARFARE OF THE FUTURE: AERIAL DEFENCE AND GROUND

The development of very fast, very high-flying bomber aircraft is generally considered to have made nearly all orthodox anti-aircraft tactics obsolete; and the future of anti-aircraft defence is believed to lie with the rocket and guided missile. Before and during the 1939-45 war the Germans led in rocket warfare research and practice. Two types emerged: the V-2 rocket, a long-range ground-to-ground missile, with whose effects Londoners are sufficiently familiar; and the "Wasserfall," a ground-to-air missile, which was presumably developed as an answer to the heavy bomber. Since the war German rocket scientists have been working in many countries, principally the U.S.A., Russia, Great Britain and France; and these countries

have already done much research on these weapons and their developments. Much of their work is, of course, still secret; but these drawings illustrate what is known in three specialised fields. These are: the high-altitude research rocket, like the American A-4/W.A.C. "Corpora," which has reached a height of 242 miles above the earth and which is used for basic research in conditions in and above the upper atmosphere; the ground-to-air guided missile, which is an anti-aircraft weapon; and the ground-to-ground guided missile, designed to travel immense distances and, in essence, to supersede the bomber. Air-to-air missiles, which are weapons of aerial combat, are not considered here. Three types of control system of

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL

ATTACK BY MEANS OF UN-MANNED ROCKETS WHICH SEEK OUT AND DESTROY THEIR ALLOTTED TARGETS.

ground-to-air guided missiles are illustrated: the Beam Rider system, the Command Guidance system; and a system in which the whole of the "homing" controls are carried in the weapon itself. Such controls, however, would need to be so complex that it is believed they would only be suitable for very large missiles, and little is known as to what progress is being made in this research. As regards ground-to-ground missiles—missiles fired from one country to attack targets in another hundreds and even thousands of miles away—these were formerly thought not worth while owing to the small size of the warhead, but with the development of the atomic bomb and so the atomic warhead, they can again be considered

practical (and terrible) weapons. Both America and Russia are believed to be experimenting in such long-range weapons and it is understood that the technique illustrated is being explored. In this, a missile (of two- or three-stage type) is fired to a great height. Eventually the last component (with its warhead) comes tumbling down until it reaches a denser atmosphere, begins to glide and eventually proceeds in a series of vast bounces (like a stone thrown in "Ducks and Drakes") until, its impetus spent and its target reached, it dives vertically and "homes" on to the desired target. How far such automatic missiles will replace conventional bombers and fighters remains to be seen.

ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS.

TONBRIDGE SCHOOL: PRESENT-DAY WHICH IS CELEBRATING ITS



COACHING A BOAT AT TONBRIDGE SCHOOL: MR. J. C. STREDDER, ONE OF THE HOUSEMASTERS. THE SCHOOL BOAT CLUB WAS ESTABLISHED IN 1893.



IN ONE OF THE SEVEN BOARDING-HOUSES: BOYS IN A DORMITORY IN SCHOOL HOUSE, WHICH IS THE HEADMASTER'S HOUSE.



WHERE DRAWING AND PAINTING, MODELLING AND BOOKBINDING ARE TAUGHT: THE ART SCHOOL, SHOWING BOYS AT WORK.

Tonbridge School, founded in 1553 by Sir Andrew Judd, is celebrating its fourth centenary this year and Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother arranged to pay an informal visit to the school on October 29, during which she was to unveil the Memorial Gateway. Celebrations earlier in the year included a week-end of Old Boys' gatherings in July, a two-day cricket match between the school and Old Tonbridgeans, and commemorative services in the school chapel. On July 4 the Lord Mayor of London, Sir Rupert De la Bère, M.P., who was at the school from 1907 to 1910, was present at a luncheon at which he announced that a



WHERE THE HONOURS LIST OF OLD TONBRIDGEANS APPEARS ON THE WALLS: THE READING ROOM IN OLD BIG SCHOOL.



A BOY IN HIS CUBICLE IN THE SCHOOL HOUSE. BOYS MAY PUT PICTURES ON THE WALLS AND HAVE A WIRELESS SET.

centenary fund had raised about £14,500. Tonbridge, like many other schools, has a close connection with a London City Company. The founder, Sir Andrew Judd, was a Skinner, and in his will he made the Skinners' Company Trustees and Governors of the school, with the right to appoint the headmaster. During the first near-300 years of its existence Tonbridge School was an old-fashioned country grammar school which had a larger boarder and "gentry" element than most schools of its kind. Now, after 400 years, it is a modern public school numbering over 500 boys. Successive school buildings have been erected and

VIEWS OF A PUBLIC SCHOOL IN KENT FOURTH CENTENARY THIS YEAR.



IN FRONT OF THE GAMES PORCH: A GROUP OF BOYS WEARING THEIR DISTINCTIVE STRAW HATS. THE FULL COMPLEMENT OF THE SCHOOL IS OVER 500.



IN HIS COMBINED BEDROOM AND STUDY: A BOY WORKING IN A SCHOOL HOUSE CUBICLE AT TONBRIDGE.

demolished, and now but little of the Edward VI. structure remains. The additions made in 1894 completed the extension commenced in 1887 by the opening of the Science Buildings. The Science and Biological Wings, together with the Art School, were brought up to date, and opened by the late Duke of Kent in 1936. For some 300 years the boys of Tonbridge School played on a gravel playground; the first playing-field being bought in 1828. To-day cricket and Rugby football is played in the spacious school grounds; there is a well-equipped gymnasium; a swimming-pool; the Dale Memorial Raquet Court;



MORNING BREAK: BOYS STROLLING IN THE SCHOOL GROUNDS. ON THE LEFT IS THE SCHOOL CHAPEL, WHICH DATES FROM 1902.



HOLDING A SIXTH-FORM CLASS IN HIS STUDY: THE REV. LAWRENCE H. WADDY, WHO HAS BEEN HEADMASTER OF TONBRIDGE SCHOOL SINCE 1949.



PAUSE FOR REFRESHMENT: TONBRIDGE BOYS ENJOYING BUNS, CHOCOLATE AND OTHER FOOD IN THE "GRUBBER" AT MORNING BREAK.

seven Fives Courts and four Squash Raquet Courts. In a special Fourth Centenary Anthology, edited by Mr. D. C. Somervell, the headmaster, the Rev. Lawrence H. Waddy, writes: "One cannot write the History of the present. It seems to me... that our job is, to keep the mixture as before, but to go on stirring it. Our inheritance is great: endowments, geographical position, buildings, equipment, and above all, the accumulated wisdom and devotion of those who have served the school. Such a heritage means also great responsibilities and opportunities. We shall try not to waste them."

ENGLISH and British relations with Poland are one of the byways of history, and many historians expert in diplomatic and commercial affairs know next to nothing about them until quite recent times. During longer periods, indeed, relations have been slender, but Canute's mother was a Polish princess and coins of Ethelred found in Danzig bear witness to trade in his time. A Polish historian has now produced an interesting book on our diplomatic missions to Poland, down to the time of the odious Second Partition of 1793.* The author, Count Przewdzicki, published between the Great Wars a large-scale history of Polish diplomacy in French. For the purpose of the present work he has used parts of the first and supplemented them from further research, largely in original documents preserved in Sweden. I consider that the new book will prove useful to historians. The general reader may feel that the subject is likely to be dry, but to my mind it is far from being so. I believe it will prove of interest to many intelligent readers who are not specialists in diplomatic history and to some who are not often drawn to history of any sort.

The phrase "British envoys" in the sub-title is significant. Diplomatic representation in its present form is comparatively new. Before it was established States were accustomed to accredit to others temporary ambassadors for the transaction of important business. It did not follow that the next man would be of the same rank and status. They were often content with an agent of a lower grade, and they might dispense even with a representative of this grade without causing any breach in diplomatic relations. The protocol—very stiff in Poland—made it awkward for a mere agent if a question of high importance arose suddenly, especially if another State had a representative of higher standing on the spot. Sometimes a race occurred between two ambassadors extraordinary, each striving to get to Poland first.

Diplomatists in Poland had at least three unusual complications to face. First, the monarchy was elective in theory and often in practice. This democratic system had disadvantages which do not appear at first sight. It led to intrigue by Powers sparring for control of Polish policy, and even to wars. The second factor was also democratic—indeed, Poland was for long in a sense the most democratic country in the world, though not for that reason the most efficient in foreign affairs. The power of the Diet was great, and the King, when a treaty was proposed to him, even on a relatively minor matter of trading rights, had to reply that he would submit it to this assembly.

Worst of all, when the Elector of Saxony became King of Poland at the end of the seventeenth century, he united in his person two States, in one of which his power was absolute, whereas the other was a strictly limited monarchy. He might even lead or send his Saxon troops to war while Poland herself remained neutral, a situation all the more curious because Poland in the days of her grandeur was very much more powerful and important than Saxony. The ambassador or agent to Poland had therefore to tread warily, and what I have already said will suggest that he seldom had much experience. Yet some of the English missions, headed by able men, were highly successful.

Since I have for some time been working on an Elizabethan subject, I found the section devoted to the envoys of the reign of Elizabeth I. particularly interesting. Her concern was chiefly with Baltic trade. Unfortunately, however, trade clashed with religion. The Polish Court had been pleased by the marriage of her sister Mary to Philip of Spain, cousin of the Queen of Poland. Spain and Poland entered on a period of most friendly relations, as well as of considerable commercial intercourse. A chill fell upon Anglo-Polish relations as hostility between England and Spain developed. The English captured ships from Danzig trading with Spain. Sigismund III. retorted by authorising reprisals by the Danzigers against the English company established at Elbing. Elizabeth was infuriated by the haughty Polish Ambassador and declared that his speech was "that of a herald with mission to declare war." But the prudent Queen put her commercial interests above her royal

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. BRITISH ENVOYS TO THE POLISH COURT.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

pride, and both sides yielded some ground in order to patch up a settlement, the English more than the Poles.

Under James I. relations were warmer and continued to be good until the Protectorate. Then Cromwell's friendliness to Sweden, at war with Poland, and his views on the common interests of Protestant princes, again separated the two countries. The Restoration brought another change. One of the greatest of English missions to Poland belongs to this reign. It was that of Lawrence Hyde, afterwards Earl of Rochester, brother-in-law of the Duke of York. His adventures are admirably described by Count Przewdzicki. They were adventures in the fullest

from its inconsistency with national equity and public honour, must engage his Majesty's disapprobation, though it has not been so immediately interesting as to deserve his interposition." King Stanislas-Augustus said of the English envoys: "They show a great personal attachment to the King, but scarcely any effectiveness in Polish affairs, of which, it is true, they are only spectators."

As a political crime the First Partition paled beside the Second. Before this occurred the new Polish Constitution had been praised in England, warmly so in a great speech by Edmund Burke. Alas! when the Second Partition came about Britain was faced with a new danger, that of the French Revolution. Moreover, she relied upon the aid of Prussia and the other despotic Powers in curbing it. Even Burke said that "whatever were his sentiments with regard to Poland, he thought it wise to hold his tongue." At least the last British Minister hung on as long as he could, until the country was occupied and the King was a prisoner. He also took a part in saving Warsaw itself from the devastation and slaughter suffered by

the suburb of Praga, on the right bank of the Vistula. He earned the gratitude of the last King, Stanislas-Augustus, who in his parting letter addressed him as "my dear Gardiner," and wrote: "As I do not expect to see you again, I want at least to say farewell to you and that with all my heart. Your place will be there until my death." A century and a half later Britain felt herself compelled to sacrifice restored Poland to the imperious demands of a merciless ally in much the same manner. It is a pitiful story.

A nation may prove itself high-minded under the rule of high-minded men, yet it is seldom that the adjective can be applied as consistently as in the case of Poland. Even when relations with our country were not at their best, most of our envoys seem to have appreciated this fact. Instances of dangerous

and selfish policy can be found in the case of Poland as in the record of other nations. On the whole, however, it is fair to say that her Government was conscious of its destiny as an outpost of European civilisation against two great menaces, those presented by the Turks and the Muscovites, and that it subordinated all else to that rôle. In the battles of Chocim and Vienna John Sobieski not only inflicted heavy defeats upon the Turks but finally broke the power of their threat, which was never again to appear in like form. He and others staved off the Russian menace. The Polish monarchy might have been strong enough to hold it permanently had support from the west been firm. Instead, Prussia and the Empire ended by sharing the carcass of Poland with Russia.

The partitions were a piece of wickedness, but it would, of course, be to simplify too much to attribute all anti-Polish policy to the same cause. Nations indulging in it were at times in the grip of their destinies. The religious issue, the Protestant faith in Sweden and Brandenburg, for example, opposed to the Roman Catholic faith in Poland when the religious issue was being fought out by force of arms, made conflict inevitable. Yet there were periods when the place of Poland should have been more clearly recognised. As has been pointed out, English and British interests in Poland chiefly concerned trade. Strategically the two countries were out of touch with one another. And perhaps their closest relations may be said to have been those of the early Stuart period, when this country was resting after the Spanish war and averse from heavy military commitments on the Continent, and those of the reign of Charles II., when she was largely disarmed on land after the strain of the Civil War.

No Briton understood the part of Poland better than the much-abused King James I., who described her as "the faithful defender of the Christian world against barbarian invasions." Such military aid as he sent arrived too late to be of use, but he rendered Poland respectable diplomatic services at the peace negotiations with the Turks and took the plight of the Polish prisoners of war in Turkish hands deeply to heart; he bestirred himself through Sir Thomas Roe, his Ambassador to the Porte, to do what he could for them. As reviews go, this must be accounted a fairly long one, but the book with which it deals is so full of incident that many aspects of it have necessarily been neglected. I have noted a few slips on British affairs, but they are of a minor character. The book contains some interesting portraits and other illustrations, both English and Polish. The author has been well served by Prince and Princess Alexander Sapieha, the translators of his French text.



THE HERO-KING OF POLAND, JOHN III. SOBIESKI, 1674-1796: AN ENGRAVING BY STEPHANI FROM THE PORTRAIT BY N. VISCHER.

King John III. Sobieski, by his great victory over the Turks in 1683, saved Vienna and delivered Europe from the fear of the Ottoman invasion. "His name was on all lips; his fame was sung in all languages, engravings of his portraits were printed in all countries proclaiming the popularity he enjoyed. . . . The triumph of Vienna was followed by the pursuit of the enemy who was retreating into Hungary."



LAWRENCE HYDE AS EARL OF ROCHESTER: AN ENGRAVING BY R. WILLIAMS, FROM THE PORTRAIT BY W. WISSING.

"One of the greatest of English missions to Poland belongs to this reign [that of Charles II.]. It was that of Lawrence Hyde, Earl of Rochester, brother-in-law of the Duke of York. His adventures are admirably described by Count Przewdzicki. They were adventures in the fullest sense; in fact, on his journey to see the King . . . he was in grave danger from the Tartar horsemen. . . ."



CLEMENTINA SOBIESKA, FROM AN ENGRAVING CONTEMPORARY TO HER MARRIAGE: THE CONSORT OF JAMES III. (THE CHEVALIER SAINT GEORGE, KNOWN AS "THE OLD PRETENDER").

" . . . an Anglo-Polish marriage united in exile two fallen Royal families, the Stuarts and the Sobieskis. On September 3, 1719, Maria Clementina Sobieska . . . granddaughter of the hero-King of Poland . . . married James III., Pretender to the Crown of England."

sense; in fact, on his journey to see the King, then campaigning against the Muscovites, he was in grave danger from the Tartar horsemen, who would have taken off an ambassador's head as readily as that of a Polish woman or child. Hyde was destined to become a narrow party politician, but at this period he seems to have been a charming figure, and his success was as much social as diplomatic. For him the mission must have been unforgettable. The King was that magnificent figure, John III. Sobieski, already famous for his victories, but with his crowning glory, the salvation of Vienna, still ahead of him.



WARSAW IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY: "CRACOW SUBURB," AFTER CANALETTO.

Bernardo Bellotto, the nephew of Anton Canal, was, like him, called Canaletto. Bellotto resided in Italy, Germany and in Poland, and died in Warsaw in 1790. [Illustrations reproduced from "Diplomatic Ventures and Adventures"; by Courtesy of the Publishers.]

Does history really repeat itself? In one respect it could hardly have done so more closely than in the case of Britain and Poland. The occasions were the two Partitions in the latter part of the eighteenth century and the settlement of the European phase of the Second World War. Britons who knew anything of Poland before the Partitions liked and admired the country. A great British diplomatist under the title of the Earl of Malmesbury, then the young James Harris, crossing the Polish frontier to visit Warsaw from Berlin, wrote: "I confess that I found the air of a Republic refreshing after having passed so long a time in such a despotic country." (Poland was, in fact, a Republic as well as a Monarchy.) Yet Britain refrained from intervention in the First Partition. The official line was that it was "a transaction which,

* "Diplomatic Ventures and Adventures: Some Experiences of British Envoys at the Court of Poland." By Count Renaud Przewdzicki. (Polish Research Centre; 15s.)



A FAMOUS PAINTING BY PAUL CÉZANNE ACQUIRED FOR THE NATIONAL GALLERY : "THE OLD WOMAN WITH A ROSARY."

The National Gallery has just acquired a great painting by Paul Cézanne (1839-1906), "The Old Woman with a Rosary" ("*La Vieille au Chapelet*"). This work has an interesting history. The subject was a member of Cézanne's household in his last years at the Jas de Bouffan. She was a nun who had lost faith, and escaped from her convent at the age of seventy, to be found by Cézanne wandering about, half-demented. He took her in, turning a blind eye to her eccentricities, and kept her in nominal service as a charity. He spent eighteen months painting this moving portrait of her seated with bowed head, her gnarled

hands fumbling with her rosary. When he had finished it, he allowed his neighbour Joachim Gasquet to take it away; and it was later sold to Henri Bernstein. About 1911 it was acquired by the late Jacques Doucet and remained in his famous collection until World War II. It has now been sold by his widow. "The Old Woman with a Rosary" has long been considered one of Cézanne's finest works. It was exhibited in Paris in 1907 at the retrospective show, and three years later in the "Manet and the Post-Impressionists" exhibition in London. Since then it has been on view in various Continental cities.

Reproduced by courtesy of the Trustees of the National Gallery.

THE PETROL STRIKE IN LONDON: SCENES BEFORE AND AFTER THE ARRIVAL OF TROOPS IN THE CAPITAL.



ON THE DAY TROOPS MOVED INTO LONDON TO TAKE OVER DISTRIBUTION OF PETROL SUPPLIES: THE SCENE NEAR THE BANK OF ENGLAND ON OCTOBER 23 AT A TIME WHEN THE STREETS ARE USUALLY CROWDED WITH VEHICLES.



KEEPING THE WHEELS OF LONDON TURNING: MEN OF THE ROYAL NAVY OPERATING THE PUMPS FOR THE FILLING OF TANKERS AT THE FULHAM DEPOT OF SHELL-MEX—THE EQUIPMENT IS SIMILAR TO THAT USED ABOARD WARSHIPS AND THE RATINGS QUICKLY FAMILIARISED THEMSELVES WITH IT.



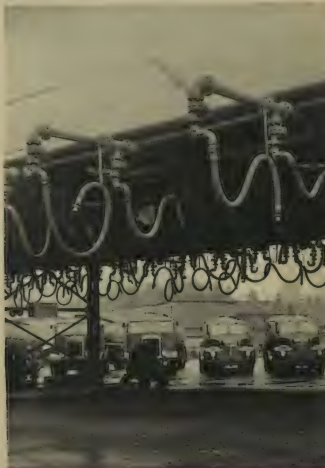
WATCHING A TANKER BEING FILLED AND MEASURED AT THE SHELL-MEX SILVERTOWN DEPOT: TROOPS LEARNING THEIR DUTIES ON TAKING OVER DISTRIBUTION ON OCTOBER 24.

ON October 19, 250 men employed at the Fulham depot of Shell-Mex and B.P. began an unofficial strike on the grounds that non-trade unionists had been employed by outside contractors at the depot, and after mass meetings on the following day the strike spread and 2,250 men downed tools, including petrol tanker drivers and maintenance staff. The strikers promised to maintain supplies to hospitals, police stations and fire brigades, but it was obvious that if the strike continued the life of London would be seriously disrupted and the working of essential services would become impossible. By October 22 many garages were

(Continued opposite.)



PASSING THE TIME BY READING AND KNITTING: WOMEN ASSISTANTS AT A HENDON GARAGE WAIT BY THE EMPTY PETROL PUMPS FOR SUPPLIES.



BEFORE THE SERVICES TOOK OVER THE DISTRIBUTION OF OIL AND SHELL-MEX DEPOT.



RECEIVING INSTRUCTION IN FILLING AND MEASURING OPERATIONS: SCOTTISH TROOPS AT AN EDMONTON PETROL DEPOT PREPARING TO TAKE OVER PETROL DISTRIBUTION TO ESSENTIAL SERVICES.



PETROL FOR THOSE WITH TIME ON THEIR HANDS: PART OF A QUEUE AT A DAGENHAM GARAGE SUPPLIED BY ITS OWN PETROL TANKER.



PETROL: TANKERS WHOSE CREWS WERE ON STRIKE LINED UP AT THE TOWNMEAD ROAD, FULHAM.



BEING SHOWN THE GAUGES ON A PETROL TANKER AT A STORAGE DEPOT IN BAYVERSEA: MEN OF R.E.M.E. AND THE ROYAL ARTILLERY LEARN THEIR NEW JOB.

A COMBINED OPERATION BY THE NAVY, ARMY AND R.A.F. WHICH KEPT THE WHEELS OF LONDON TURNING.



"SOLD OUT"—THE SIGN WHICH MOST MOTORISTS ENCOUNTERED IN THEIR QUEST FOR PETROL: A GARAGE IN WALWORTH ROAD, LONDON, ON OCTOBER 22, BEFORE TROOPS WERE BROUGHT IN.



WITH AN ARMY DRIVER AT THE WHEEL: THE FIRST TANKER TO LEAVE THE SHELL-MEX FULHAM DEPOT SINCE THE STRIKE BEGAN MOVING OFF ON OCTOBER 24 WATCHED BY A SMALL CROWD AT THE GATES, THERE WERE NO HOSTILE DEMONSTRATIONS BY STRIKERS.



BEFORE THE TROOPS ARRIVED: A CIVILIAN TANKER DRIVER ABOUT TO MAKE A DELIVERY TO A HOSPITAL FROM A DEPOT AT SILVERTOWN.

Continued: displaying "Sold out" notices, and others were rationing motorists to a limit of three gallons. In the House of Commons on October 23, Sir Walter Monckton, Minister of Labour, stated that troops would be used to distribute oil and petrol and by the same evening over 2,000 had arrived in London. The Royal Navy provided ratings with suitable technical knowledge to man the pumps for filling tanker lorries, and the Royal Air Force sent drivers. On October 24, 2,000 Servicemen distributed 1,550,000 gallons, and on the following day, with their numbers increased to 6,000, over 2,000,000 gallons were delivered to keep London's wheels turning.

AN ADMIXTURE OF GOLD AND LEAD.

"BOSWELL ON THE GRAND TOUR: GERMANY AND SWITZERLAND, 1764"; EDITED By FREDERICK A. POTTLE.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

UNTIL just after the 1914 war Boswell was to the public what he had been ever since he wrote his great book: the author of the "Life of Johnson." Little new about him had come to light since Macaulay, more than a century ago, wrote the celebrated essay in which he came to the characteristically exaggerated and brilliantly exhibited conclusion that the greatest biography extant had

Professor Claude Collier Abbott, "The London Diary," which was reviewed in this place. We have had that; we have had "Boswell in Holland"; we now have Boswell on the first half of a Grand Tour; and we are promised Boswell in Italy and Corsica. Boswell the biographer will be equalled by Boswell the diarist.

Equalled not merely in bulk, but in merit. Nothing is more easy than feeling superior to Boswell the diarist—who, after all, was only twenty-four when he began the present instalment. He thought more about his reception and rejection by little German Princes (there were more Sovereigns to the square mile in Germany than there were anywhere else in the world—an ordinary English Duke could have surpassed twenty of them in opulence and splendour, but they had Courts, and they had coveted Orders at their disposal) than about the glories of landscape and architecture and the reminders of Europe's past through which he travelled. Pope, in his "Dunciad," jeering at the young gentry who took the "Grand Tour" (which politically and æsthetically produced excellent effects on many young men, whose descendants, alas, must now seek in vain for a close-knit European sodality), says of one:

Led by my hand, he saunter'd Europe round,
And gathered every vice on Christian ground;
Saw every Court, heard every King declare
His royal sense of operas, or the fair . . .
Tried all hors d'œuvres, all liqueurs defined,
Judicious drank, and greatly daring dined.

Those remarks were certainly applicable to Boswell. He almost grovelled at one little Court in order to obtain an absurd little ribbon; he almost became a republican in another little capital because the local petty sovereign took no notice of him. He posed as an "English milord"; he called himself a "Baron" and signed his letters, "Boswell," *tout-court*. He said that he felt like "a feudal Baron"—which conjures up a picture of Bozzy, armed cap-à-pie, jousting in the tourney-ring, under bright eyes in silk-hung pavilions, with the Bohuns and the de Veres. There is little sheer grossness in this new book, as compared with the immature "London Diary"; he struggles with his propensity to squalor and even (it is a tribute at once to himself and to his hero) exhorts himself, far from home, to "be Johnson." But, as one notices his faults, his snobbery, his vulnerability to passing temptation, his inordinate conceit about his brief and by no means august

pedigree and lairdship, it occurs to one (it must if one is honest with oneself), "There, but for the Grace of God, go I; there, in fact, am I."

The new, revealed Boswell becomes more and more the equal companion of Pepys. Pepys was a great Civil Servant, a wise administrator, a patriot, and a father of the Navy: he was also (and we know it only because he told us so) a fussy householder, a reveller



"... IN THE JOURNAL AS IT STANDS HE IS RATHER A FELLOW SPECTATOR THAN PART OF THE SPECTACLE; AND BOSWELL WHO ENLARGES AT LENGTH ON MANY TRIVIAL ENCOUNTERS, FINDS FEW OCCASIONS FOR DELINEATING HIM": GEORGE KEITH, TENTH EARL MARISCHAL OF SCOTLAND, WITH WHOM BOSWELL SET OUT ON HIS MUCH-ANTICIPATED GRAND TOUR OF EUROPE.

From a painting in the Historical Museum of Neuchâtel.

been written by a conceited little noodle. Many thought that this verdict could not embody the whole truth: figs don't grow on thorn-trees, and there must be something wrong somewhere. Technically, there was the consummate artistry of Boswell's presentation; intellectually, there was his evident grasp of the reasoning of a greater intellect than his; morally, there was the plain fact that he had been more awed, even spellbound, by the sheer nobility of his great, lumbering, humbly-born lexicographer (who, incidentally, as is plain, loved him, even though he pulled his leg at one moment and sat on him the next) than he ever was by all the crowns and coronets, stars and garters which undoubtedly drew and dazzled him. But, whatever view was taken, Boswell still sat in the trailer of Johnson's car. Without Johnson, it was thought that Boswell would have been no more remembered than a thousand other little beaux and rakes, busybodies and chatterboxes, of his age. Things have changed.

"Johnson without Boswell," used to be a favourite theme for speculators and writers of papers: the conclusion was inevitable that, what with the memoirs of Mr. Thrale and Sir John Hawkins and his own writings, Johnson must still have loomed large in our background had Boswell never existed, or never met him. But now "Boswell without Johnson" is a possible theme. We know now that Boswell left behind him a mass of diaries and other papers which he certainly meant posterity to see, and on the strength of which he certainly meant posterity to know and acclaim him. So did Pepys: and as long an interval elapsed between the writing of Pepys's diaries and their deciphering and (at first, partial) publication, as passed between the bequest and the unveiling of Boswell's. A generation ago Boswell's descendants, the Talbot de Malahides, sold to Colonel Isham, of New York, the contents of a black box (the story about some of them being burnt, page by page, was told me by the late Geoffrey Scott, who first edited them for limited circulation, but that can wait) which contained a wealth of sheer Boswell; then at Fettercairn, Lord Clinton's house, was discovered, by



"AT LENGTH HIS DOOR OPENED AND I BEHELD HIM, A GENTEEL BLACK MAN IN THE DRESS OF AN ARMENIAN": JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU, WITH WHOM BOSWELL HAD FIVE INTERVIEWS.

From a mezzotint by David Martin in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, after a painting by Allan Ramsay.

in casual amours, a figure at once contemptible and ridiculous. Boswell, equally exposing himself, shows himself also as an admixture of gold and lead, of noble aspirations and of base descents. Had those two fallible mortals met in their youth their talk, I must admit, might have been extremely coarse; but it might just as well have been idealistic to a degree. Before we criticise these extraordinary people, who have allowed themselves to appear completely undressed simply because they couldn't bear the idea of being forgotten, we had better examine ourselves. Suppose any one of us were to set down sincerely each day our thoughts, our deeds, and our desires; should we be beyond criticism, or even ridicule?

Towards the end the energetic young Boswell thrusts himself on both Voltaire and Rousseau: his persistence even earning him a bed for the night in Voltaire's house at Ferney. His pictures of them are graphic, his accounts of their conversations fascinating; had he not been a genius in a way, and aroused their curiosity by the appalling cheek of his letters (he always announced his merit as a man and his ancestry as a noble, which he wasn't) he would never have got near either of them. Doctor Johnson said of that precious and talented pair that they were two rogues who ought to be transported: the effects of Rousseau are with us still, and I dare say that a thousand years hence our age may be known as the age of Rousseau. But even the thought of Johnson's disapproval would not have kept Boswell away from these famous men. The one lion he hunted and did not catch was Frederick the Great, who averted him. Boswell probably consoled himself (as he did in another connection) with the reflection that he might meet the hero in another world.

Anyhow, the book is fascinating: and Boswell, in spite of his faults, almost lovable because of his sincerity, enthusiasm, passionate interest in life, and zeal in recording the truth, even to his own discredit. The next volume promised is to show him travelling in Italy. What, I wonder, will be his reaction to the antiquities and artistic glories of that peninsula, to the charm of the Italians, to the varied Governments, to the Papacy. To what Courts was he allowed entry? What travelling Englishmen did he meet? What curiosities did he buy? By what sirens was he enchanted?

Professor Pottle will let us know later.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 712 of this issue.



"HE RECEIVED ME WITH DIGNITY, AND THAT AIR OF THE WORLD WHICH A FRENCHMAN ACQUIRES IN SUCH PERFECTION": FRANÇOIS MARIE AROUET VOLTAIRE, WITH WHOM BOSWELL HAD FOUR INTERVIEWS.

From a statuette in marble (1764 or 1765) by Joseph Rosset-Dupont, in the Voltaire Institute, Geneva.

Reproductions from "Boswell on the Grand Tour"; by Courtesy of the Publishers, William Heinemann Ltd.

* "Boswell on the Grand Tour: Germany and Switzerland, 1764." Edited by Frederick A. Pottle, Sterling Professor of English, Yale University. Illustrated. (Heinemann; 25s.)

THE ROYAL FAMILY'S MANY ENGAGEMENTS: OFFICIAL OCCASIONS.



THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AT THE ROYAL EAST BERKS AGRICULTURAL ASSOCIATION SHOW: HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRESENTING MISS EILEEN JOYCE WITH THE RYCROFT CHALLENGE CUP. The Duke of Edinburgh flew to White Waltham, Berkshire, from Coventry, in order to attend the Centenary Show of the Royal East Berkshire Agricultural Association at Eray, on October 24. He is seen presenting the pianist, Miss Eileen Joyce, with the Challenge Cup won by her husband's Jersey cow, *Cute Mall*. He attended a luncheon and made an admirable speech.



THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AT THE EL ALAMEIN REUNION AT THE EMPRESS HALL, EARLS COURT, ON OCTOBER 23: HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS, WITH FIELD MARSHAL LORD MONTGOMERY. The Duke of Edinburgh attended the El Alamein Reunion—the eleventh anniversary of that great victory—at the Empress Hall on October 23. More than 8000 people assembled to welcome Field Marshal Lord Montgomery, the victor of Alamein, and both he and the Duke of Edinburgh spoke, as well as Mr. Anthony Eden. It was the first occasion that a member of the Royal Family had attended an Alamein reunion.



AT THE HAYMARKET THEATRE: THE QUEEN MOTHER, PRINCESS MARGARET AND THE QUEEN (RIGHT).

The Queen, Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, and Princess Margaret attended the Gala performance of *Aren't We All?* at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, on October 22, in aid of King George's Fund for Actors and Actresses. The Royal party was received by Sir Terence Nugent, President of the Fund, and bouquets were presented by David, son of Miss Jane Baxter, who plays a leading part in the current revival of Frederick Lonsdale's comedy.



AT THE GALA PERFORMANCE OF "AREN'T WE ALL?": QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER, THE QUEEN AND PRINCESS MARGARET.



THE QUEEN AT THE EVEREST FILM PREMIÈRE: HER MAJESTY ACCEPTING A BOUQUET FROM SUSAN HUNT. The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh saw the first performance of the film "The Conquest of Everest" at the Warner Theatre, Leicester Square. Her Majesty accepted a bouquet from Susan, daughter of Sir John Hunt, who, with Sir Edmund Hillary and other members of the expedition, were presented to her. The Queen and the Duke were received by Sir Edwin Herbert, Mr. J. M. Wordie and Sir Michael Balcon.



THE QUEEN OPENS TRINITY HOUSE: HER MAJESTY WITH (LEFT) THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER AND (RIGHT) THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH; AND THE DEPUTY MASTER. The Queen, accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, who was wearing the uniform of an Elder Brother of Trinity House, opened the restored Trinity House building on October 21. The Duke of Gloucester, Master of the Corporation, received her Majesty; and she accepted a ship's bell for the new Royal yacht *Britannia* from the Corporation. The Deputy Master is Captain Curteis, R.N.



THE ROYAL FILM PERFORMANCE: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, THE QUEEN, LT.-COL. THE HON. M. CHARTERIS, PRINCESS MARGARET AND W.-CDR. M. COWAN (L. TO R.). On October 26 her Majesty, accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh and Princess Margaret, attended the eighth annual Royal Film Performance in aid of the Cinematograph Trade Benevolent Fund, at the Odeon Theatre, Leicester Square; and saw Walt Disney's "Rob Roy." Wing-Commander M. Cowan, one of the equerries in attendance, is to be Equerry to her Majesty during the forthcoming Commonwealth Tour.

A MISCELLANY OF CURRENT EVENTS: ITEMS OF INTEREST FROM NEAR AND FAR PICTORIALY RECORDED.



WELCOMED TO THE ÉLYSÉE PALACE BY PRESIDENT AURIOL: KING IDRIS OF LIBYA DURING HIS VISIT TO FRANCE. During his visit to France King Idris of the United Kingdom of Libya was the guest of honour at a luncheon given by President Vincent Auriol in the Élysée Palace in Paris. Our photograph also shows (right) the French Premier, M. Joseph Laniel, who was present. Early in September it was announced that King Idris had been slightly indisposed for some time and would go to Europe to complete his treatment. He arrived in Lausanne at the beginning of October.



RESTING OUTSIDE ONE OF THE COMPOUNDS PREPARED FOR THE INTERVIEWING OF RECUSANT PRISONERS: INDIAN TROOPS AT PANMUNJOM, WHERE THEY HAVE BEEN ASSISTING THE NEUTRAL NATIONS REPATRIATION MISSION. The interrogation of prisoners of war in Korea with a view to persuading them to accept repatriation, began on October 15, when 500 Chinese faced the Chinese Communist "explainers" and only ten agreed to be repatriated. On the following day the Indian guards could not persuade a single North Korean prisoner to leave his compound and face the "explainers," and deadlock in the Neutral Nations Repatriation Commission followed when Indian members refused to permit force to be used.



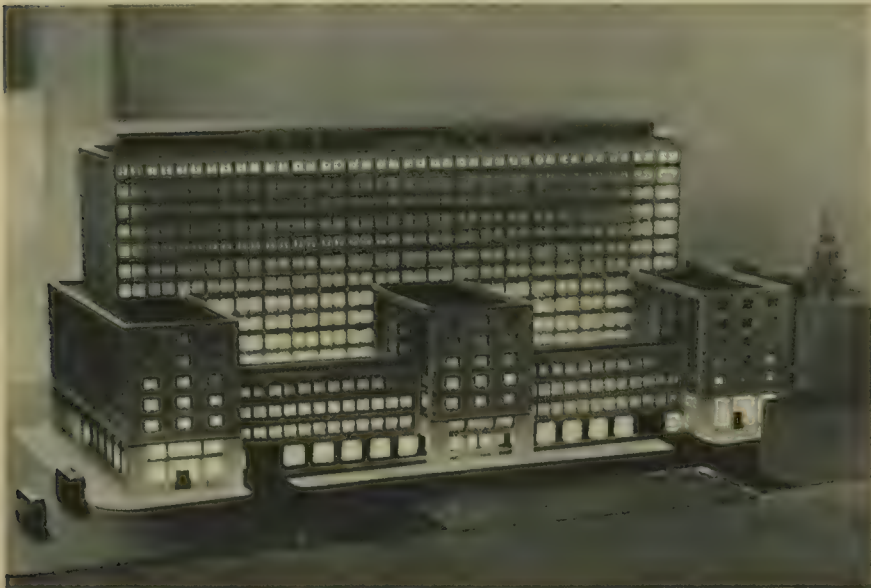
AT THE ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY'S H.Q.: MR. GEORGE LOWE, A MEMBER OF THE BRITISH EVEREST EXPEDITION, WITH HIS KIT. When the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh saw the first performance of the film "The Conquest of Everest," they were shown some of the equipment used by the expedition. The kit, shown above being unpacked by Mr. G. Lowe, recently arrived from India.



THE REOPENING OF QUEEN ELIZABETH COLLEGE, UNIVERSITY OF LONDON: THE NEW MAIN ENTRANCE. On October 20 H.R.H. Princess Alice unveiled the memorial plaque and declared the new buildings of Queen Elizabeth College open. During the last war the buildings of the College were damaged three times by enemy action and the eastern block practically destroyed by a direct hit.



BEFORE BEING HOISTED INTO POSITION AT THE TOP OF THE EVA PERON SOCIAL AID FUND BUILDING: THE HUGE STATUE OF EVA PERON. Huge statues of President Peron and his wife, Eva Peron, who died in July 1952, were recently placed in position on the roof of the enormous "Eva Peron Social Aid Fund" building in Buenos Aires. The statues were executed by an Italian sculptor from Italian marble.



TO BE BUILT A QUARTER OF A MILE FROM ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL: A MODEL OF BUCKLESBURY HOUSE, WHICH RISES TO A HEIGHT OF 168 FT. It was recently announced that the Royal Fine Arts Commission has decided to make no further objections to the latest plans for Bucklersbury House, a 14-storey building which is to be erected a quarter of a mile from St. Paul's. It will take about three years to build at a cost of £4,000,000 and will be 168 ft. in height.



A FAMOUS BEAUTY SPOT RESTORED: TARR STEPS ACROSS THE RIVER BARLE, ON THE DEVON-SOMERSET BORDER. During the great floods of mid-August, 1952, the piles of stones which supported the ancient stone causeway known as Tarr Steps, near Dulverton, were swept away. Now, after much painstaking work, the famous causeway has been restored and only the pile of debris marks the path of the great flood.

THE QUEEN'S LINER, THE LARGEST GREEK LINER,
THE LARGEST TANKER, AND THE SAFEST TANKER.



(ABOVE.) THE LARGEST LINER EVER BUILT FOR THE GREEK LINE: THE T.S.S. *OLYMPIA* (23,000 TONS), ON HER PRE-MAIDEN-VOYAGE TOUR. SHE IS DESIGNED FOR TRANS-ATLANTIC TRAFFIC.

The new transatlantic liner, the T.S.S. *Olympia* (23,000 tons), was built on the Clyde by Alexander Stephen and Sons, Ltd., for the Greek Line, and will sail under the Liberian flag. She is an experimental ship designed to provide for tourist-class passengers—at £60 to £70 for the Atlantic crossing—unusual and attractive standards of amenities and accommodation. She is to take seven days for the regular Atlantic crossing, leaving from Bremerhaven for New York, via Cherbourg and Halifax.

(RIGHT.) READY FOR THE ROYAL COMMONWEALTH TOUR: THE S.S. *GOthic* (15,902 TONS), AFTER RE-FITTING AND TRIALS ON THE CLYDE, BEFORE LEAVING FOR LONDON.

The Shaw Savill liner, the S.S. *Gothic*, which has been selected to carry the Royal Party for part of the Queen's 1953-54 Commonwealth Tour, has been refitted and, after trials in the Clyde, returned to Liverpool to load cargo. She was expected to leave Liverpool on October 26 and, after carrying out further trials on the way, was due to arrive in the London River on October 29. On November 10 she was to sail for Kingston, Jamaica, where her Majesty would embark in her.



THE TOURIST-CLASS WINTER GARDEN OF THE T.S.S. *OLYMPIA*. SHE IS DESIGNED TO CARRY 1150 TOURIST PASSENGERS AND 138 FIRST-CLASS PASSENGERS.



CLAIMED AS THE WORLD'S BIGGEST TANKER: THE *TINA ONASSIS* LEAVING HAMBURG, WHERE SHE WAS BUILT, FOR A TRIAL VOYAGE IN NORWEGIAN WATERS.

The *Tina Onassis*, of 45,720 tons deadweight, has been built at the Howaldt shipyards at Hamburg for the Olympic Maritime Company of the Greek-born shipowner, M. Aristoteles Onassis. Her overall length is 775 ft. (longer than the first *Mauretania*), and her beam is 95 ft. She has an estimated speed of 16 knots.



THE OVERSIDE LIFT OF THE NEW OIL TANKER, T.E.S. *HELIX* (12,000 TONS), THE FIRST OF FIFTY-ONE TANKERS DESIGNED TO BE THE SAFEST YET BUILT. *HELIX* WAS BUILT BY SWAN, HUNTER AND WHIGHAM RICHARDSON FOR THE SHELL FLEET.



U.S. SERVICEMEN AND THEIR FAMILIES STANDING IN THE RAIN TO WAVE GOOD-BYE TO OTHER U.S. ARMY DEPENDANTS AS THEY LEFT TRIESTE BY TROOPSHIP.



A TYPICAL SCENE AT TRIESTE STATION WHEN SERVICEMEN'S FAMILIES LEFT FOR ENGLAND: A BRITISH N.C.O. SAYING GOOD-BYE TO HIS WIFE AND CHILDREN.



AUCTIONING BRITISH ARMY FURNITURE IN TRIESTE: LOCAL PEOPLE WAITING TO BID FOR THE LOTS UNDER THE EYE OF A BRITISH MILITARY POLICEMAN.

The first stage of the British withdrawal from Zone A of Trieste began on October 16, when 200 wives and children of British servicemen left Trieste by train. On October 22 the second batch of servicemen's families left, and on October 24 the last batch, some 125 wives and children, left by coach for Villach, in southern Austria. American families have also been leaving the city by sea and by road,

TENSION IN TRIESTE: THE EVACUATION OF BRITISH AND U.S. SERVICEMEN'S FAMILIES, AND THE REINFORCEMENT OF FRONTIER TROOPS BY BOTH ITALY AND YUGOSLAVIA.



NEAR THE ITALIAN-YUGOSLAV FRONTIER, NOT FAR FROM GORIZIA: AN ITALIAN ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN AND THE DETACHMENT'S TENT CAMOUFLAGED WITH STRAW.



HEAVY TANKS, SUPPLIED TO ITALY BY AMERICA, MOVING ALONG A ROAD, IN THE DIRECTION OF THE ITALIAN-YUGOSLAV FRONTIER. YUGOSLAVIA ALSO HAS U.S.-SUPPLIED TANKS.



ITALIAN POLICE CONTROLLING A CROWD OF STUDENTS DEMONSTRATING NEAR THE BRITISH CONSULATE IN MILAN ON OCTOBER 22.



A BILINGUAL SIGN NEAR GORIZIA, IN WHICH THE ITALIAN WORDS HAD BEEN DEFAECED AND THE YUGOSLAV INSCRIPTION LEFT UNTOUCHED.

and their evacuation was expected to be finished by the end of October, most going to Leghorn, the U.S. base in Italy. On October 25 it was announced that a 50-day plan had been drawn up as basis for the withdrawal of British and U.S. troops from Trieste; but it was generally thought unlikely that the programme would be completed before the end of the year. And owing to the difficulty of finding a basis on



LOCAL INHABITANTS IN THE YUGOSLAV-ADMINISTERED ZONE B OF TRIESTE CHEERING AND CLAPPING THE ARRIVAL OF YUGOSLAV REINFORCEMENTS TO THE GARRISON.

which Yugoslavia and Italy would meet at a conference table, it was thought unlikely that there would be any gradual withdrawal of the garrison troops, and it seemed likely that the U.S. and British forces, numbering in all about 10,000, would remain in Trieste throughout the winter, with all their equipment but very few of their amenities, and without their families. Also on October 25, Italy announced



"BOY FOTAGE": BRITISH TROOPS GATHERED AT TRIESTE STATION AS THE TRAIN LEFT, TAKING THEIR WIVES AND CHILDREN BACK TO ENGLAND, UNDER THE NEW ARRANGEMENT.



PREPARING TO SHIP THEIR ARMS AND VEHICLES BACK TO ENGLAND: BRITISH TROOPS FIRING THEIR TRUCKS AND CARRIERS TO FLAT CARS IN A TRIESTE RAILWAY.



"HOME AGAIN": SERVICEMEN'S WIVES AND CHILDREN DISSEMBARKING FROM THE S.S. VIENNA AT HARWICH ON OCTOBER 20, AFTER THEIR RETURN FROM TRIESTE.

that she was prepared to withdraw all her armed forces eight miles from her eastern frontier if Yugoslavia would do likewise as regards her western frontier with Italy. This proposal was denounced by the Yugoslav Foreign Ministry as a "piece of hypocrisy calculated to confuse world opinion." Mr. Kardelj, however, discussed the possibility of Italy's taking over in Zone A, under Anglo-American protection,

PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK:
SOME PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



SIR MUIRHEAD BONE.

Died on October 21, aged seventy-seven. Sir Muirhead Bone, etcher, draughtsman and painter, was versatile as well as masterly. He favoured architectural scenes, often of buildings in course of construction, and did many fine drawings to illustrate books by his brothers, Sir David Bone and Mr. James Bone. An official War Artist in both World Wars, his drawings form an important section of the Imperial War Museum; and his work has often been reproduced in the pages of *The Illustrated London News*. He held exhibitions of Spanish drawings at Colnaghi's in 1930 and '31, and his volume "Old Spain" appeared in 1936. He was a Trustee of the National Gallery, 1941-48. Sir Muirhead was born and educated in Glasgow and at first studied to be an architect but abandoned the idea when eighteen. He made his first etchings and dry-points in 1898, and came to London in 1901.



AIR CHIEF-MARSHAL SIR ROBERT BROOKE-POPHAM.

Died on October 20, aged seventy-five. Air Chief-Marshal Sir Robert Brooke-Popham was a pioneer Army pilot who served with distinction in the R.F.C. in World War I. The first Commandant of the R.A.F. Staff College, his appointments included A.O.C.-in-C., Middle East, and C-in-C., Far East.



SIR ARTHUR MIDDLETON.

Died on October 19, aged sixty-one. Elected chairman of the London County Council last April, he was knighted by the Queen in July at a Coronation reception at County Hall. He had been in public life for over twenty years, and was a member of the Royal Commission on the Press from 1947-49. He was elected to the L.C.C. in 1942 as an Alderman.



LIEUT.-COLONEL JAMES POWER CARNE, V.C.

Awarded the Victoria Cross. Lieut.-Colonel J. P. Carne commanded the 1st Battalion, The Gloucestershire Regiment, during their famous stand in the Imjin River battle, Korea, in April 1951. "Throughout the entire engagement during which the battalion was heavily and incessantly engaged by vastly superior numbers of enemy... he showed powers of leadership which can seldom have been surpassed in the history of our Army. He inspired his officers and men to fight beyond the normal limits of human endurance..." states the citation. The Queen arranged to invest Colonel Carne with the V.C. and with the D.S.O. awarded for an earlier engagement, on October 27. At a civic reception in his native Falmouth Colonel Carne said: "This award is not a personal one. It is one for the whole battalion... The Gunners, too, must share in the honour."



"THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY": MR. M. P. O'BRIEN IN THE FRENCH LINER BRETAGNE.

Mr. Michael Patrick O'Brien, the "man without a country," landed in Rio de Janeiro on October 20 from the French liner *Bretagne* after more than a year at sea. He has now been permitted to take up permanent residence in the Dominican Republic after having, for over a year, been refused permission to land at any port as he lacked valid documents. The International Refugee Association rescued him from the Hong Kong ferry two months ago, after he had been shuttled back and forth between Hong Kong and Macao for nearly a year, and shipped him to Brazil, but he was not allowed to land.



MR. WILLIAM J. BRITTAIN.

Editor-Proprietor of *The Recorder*, which has been a daily newspaper since October 27, under that title. Mr. Brittain, who is forty-eight, started his weekly newspaper, *The Recorder*, "from scratch" in 1943; he is a former editor of the *Sunday Dispatch*. *The Recorder*, the first new daily newspaper to be launched in Britain for a generation, is priced at twopence.



SIR MICHAEL ADEANE.

To succeed Sir Alan Lascelles as Private Secretary to the Queen and Keeper of her Majesty's Archives. Sir Michael Adeane has been Assistant Private Secretary since 1952. He held a similar position in King George VI's household from 1937. He is a grandson of Lord Stamfordham, who was Private Secretary to Queen Victoria and to King George V.



THE CANAL ZONE TALKS: DR. MAHMOUD FAWZI, COLONEL NASSER AND MR. CRESWELL (L. TO R.). On October 21, after the fifteenth meeting in the current series of British-Egyptian Canal Zone talks, which began on July 30, the British Embassy stated that no agreement had been reached, but that a further meeting would be held after the position had been considered by both Governments. Mr. Creswell, British Minister at the Embassy, is taking the place of Mr. Hankey, Chargé d'Affaires, who is ill. Dr. Fawzi is the Egyptian Foreign Minister and Colonel Nasser the Egyptian Vice-President. He is the leader of the Egyptian team.



AT A LONDON PRESS CONFERENCE ON OCTOBER 23: FIVE GUIANESE OPPONENTS OF THE PEOPLE'S PROGRESSIVE PARTY.

Five Guianese opponents of Dr. Jagan's People's Progressive Party appealed for more help from Britain to counter Communist influence in British Guiana at a London Press conference. Our photograph shows (l. to r.) Mr. John Dare, President of the Georgetown Chamber of Commerce; Mr. W. O. R. Kendall, leader of the Opposition in the House of Assembly; Mr. John Fernandes, member of the old Legislative Council; and Mr. Lionel Luckhoo, a member of the State Council, and president of the Man Power Citizens' Association.



DR. WALTER SCHREIBER.

On October 22 was elected Chief Burgomaster of West Berlin in succession to the late Professor Reuter. He defeated Dr. Suhr, the Social Democratic candidate, by 62 votes to 57. Dr. Schreiber, a Left Wing Liberal, was Prussian Minister of State and Minister for Trade until the dissolution of his party by Hitler.



AT THE ÉLYSÉE PALACE IN PARIS ON OCTOBER 22: THE SIGNING OF THE AGREEMENT BETWEEN LAOS AND FRANCE.

The King of Laos arrived in Paris on October 22 and in the evening he and President Auriol signed the agreement defining the new relationship between Laos and France which is the first fruit of the French "declaration of independence" of July 3. Our photograph shows (l. to r.) Prince Souvanna Phouma (Premier of Laos), the King of Laos (signing), President Auriol and M. Laniel, the French Prime Minister. Under the new arrangements Laos achieves full independence and at the same time reaffirms her membership of the French Union.

SPORTING EVENTS AND PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK—IN LONDON AND NEW YORK.



WINNING THE BATH TO LONDON 100-MILE ROAD RUNNING RACE IN THE RECORD TIME OF 12 HOURS 20 MINS. 28 SECS.: W. HAYWARD, OF SOUTH AFRICA, AT HYDE PARK CORNER. On October 24, W. Hayward, of Germiston Callies' Club, South Africa, won the 100-mile road running race from Bath, outside Bath, to Hyde Park Corner, London, in the time of 12 hours 20 mins. 28 secs., 1 hour and 51 secs. better than the previous record, made in 1937 by another South African, H. Ballington. The second man home, J. Mekler, a club-mate of Hayward's, also beat the previous record.



CARL OLSON (LEFT), THE WINNER OF THE MATCH FOR THE MIDDLEWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE WORLD, WITH (RIGHT) RANDOLPH TURPIN, WHOM HE DEFEATED ON POINTS. At Madison Square Garden, New York, on October 21, Carl Olson, of America, beat Randolph Turpin, of England, on points in a match which went the full distance. Turpin went down twice and Olson's victory was quite decisive. Carl Olson, the new world middleweight champion, comes from Hawaii.



THE HOST AND SOME GUESTS AT A DINNER GIVEN IN HONOUR OF SOME OF THE PROMINENT SPORTSMEN OF THE YEAR—AT THE SAVOY HOTEL.

The photograph shows (l. to r.): Mr. Trevor Bailey, the England cricketer; Sir Edmund Hillary, the conqueror of Everest; Mr. R. G. Smith, the host; Sir W. V. Ball, Master of the Worshipful Company of Clockmakers (who accepted the watch worn by Sir Edmund Hillary on Everest for permanent exhibition); Lieut.-Commander M. J. Lithgow and Squadron Leader Neville Duke, the airmen; Sir Harold Spencer Jones, the Astronomer-Royal; and Colonel Sir John Hunt, the Everest leader.



THE FOURTH ALL BLACKS ARRIVE IN ENGLAND BY AIR—A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT LONDON AIRPORT. THEIR FIRST MATCH—V. SOUTHERN COUNTIES—WAS ARRANGED FOR OCTOBER 31; THEIR FIRST INTERNATIONAL—V. WALES—FOR DECEMBER 19. THEY PLAY ENGLAND ON JANUARY 30.



THE ENGLAND ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL TEAM WHICH MANAGED TO DRAW AGAINST THE RUN OF THE GAME WITH A REST OF THE WORLD XI. AT WEMBLEY ON OCTOBER 21.

On October 21, Trafalgar Day, as one of the occasions marking the nineteenth anniversary of the Football Association, a team representing England met at Wembley Stadium an F.I.F.A. team representing the Rest of the World. The latter was drawn from the following countries: Austria, Spain, Yugoslavia,



FIELD MARSHAL LORD MONTGOMERY SHAKING HANDS WITH MEMBERS OF THE REST OF THE WORLD XI. BEHIND HIM, THEIR CAPTAIN, OCWIRK, OF AUSTRIA.

Germany, Italy, Sweden, but contained rather more nationalities than that. Despite the fact that they were a scratch team, with many language difficulties, they gave a brilliant display, and England were lucky to scrape home to a 4-4 draw by means of a last-minute penalty.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

EXPERIMENTS AND AN AMPUTATION.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

NEVER have my hardy outdoor Nerines flowered so profusely or so well as they have this September and October. The reason is,

I feel very sure, that it is six years since they were last messed about. The others, the hybrids in the unheated greenhouse, "Rotherside," "Stephanie," and a few others, on the other hand, are flowering very sparsely. The reason for that is that I broke up the pots-full of bulbs last year and repotted them. Nothing irks a Nerine so much as being dug up, split up, replanted; in fact, pushed around generally. They

artificial "Clay's," or mild, slow-acting bonemeal. Occasionally I mix up a confection composed of Clay's, bonemeal and dried blood. But I must confess that my applications of these treats are ruled by hunch rather than scientific theory or knowledge. The plants, however, show every sign of appreciation.

The hardy outdoor *Nerine bowdeni* (and the superior Fenwick's variety of *bowdeni*) needs no feeding in this way. All it asks is to be given a sunny position, and to be left alone. The photograph does not show my best clump of *Nerine bowdeni*. Far from it. I had it taken because it shows the plant growing

and flowering in a mixed flower-bed, far from any protecting wall. It is only a small planting, but has been there for four or five years, in very stiff soil, and is growing remarkably well. The conventional position for *Nerine bowdeni* is at the foot of a wall, facing either south or west. But although such a position suits the plant admirably, and is perhaps the best that could be had, I want to emphasise the fact that if such a position is not available, this splendid autumn-flowering bulb may be grown perfectly well in a sunny spot in the open flower border, or, in fact, in any convenient place as long as it really is sunny. I find *Nerine bowdeni*, and especially Fenwick's variety, an invaluable cut flower for late September and early, mid- and—with luck—late October. The flowers will stand up to a certain amount of light frost, especially when protected from early morning sun, and they last extremely

neighbours. I am welcome to all the cut chrysanthemums I care to take, and roots of a strictly limited number of favourites will be

easy to come by. As a cut flower, *Nerine bowdeni* has such distinctive elegance and grace that I am always content to have it in a vase by itself, rather than in combination or competition with other flowers. Its own foliage is, of course, negligible in this connection. But there is one alien form of foliage which seems to me to be the perfect foil for the warm, pure, rose-pink of the Nerine, and that is the purple-leaved peach. I have a 6-ft. bush of this, which I raised from a stone some eight or nine years ago. A neighbour had a standard tree of the purple-leaved peach, which fruited abundantly. It was a stone from a peach from that tree which gave me my specimen, which came perfectly true to type. A forest of the slender peach branches with beetroot-purple leaves, long and narrow like some fine willow, makes a perfect and most striking background for a dozen or so heads of Nerine. But I must give a warning. Cut and put straight into water, the peach soon flags and wilts. It should be completely immersed in cold water for about an hour before being arranged.

A month or two ago I wrote about the tiresome behaviour of a bush of *Daphne* "Somerset" in my garden. From a small pot-grown plant it grew rapidly into a splendid specimen about 6 ft. across. Then it flopped over to one side, and its main trunk, which was as thick as my wrist, split badly. I showed a photograph of the bush as seen from the south. It looked perfect. Another photograph showed the opposite side, which was far from satisfactory. Something had to be done. Left to its own devices, the *Daphne* could only sprawl further and worse. I decided to risk a frightful operation. Amputation just above the ankles, as it were. I hoped that the stump might sprout and form a fresh and shapely bush once more, but I greatly doubted. Within a few weeks the stump did start sprouting, as may be seen in the photograph. This experiment is of some value. It shows that the one great defect in the habits of *Daphne* "Somerset" may be cured. When it outgrows its strength, as it always seems to do, it may be pruned hard back, and so kept within bounds, and prevented from sprawling and lolling about, and interfering with its neighbours and its betters.



THIS PHOTOGRAPH "DOES NOT SHOW MY BEST CLUMP OF *Nerine bowdeni*. FAR FROM IT. I HAD IT PHOTOGRAPHED BECAUSE IT SHOWS THE PLANT GROWING AND FLOWERING IN A MIXED FLOWER-BED, FAR FROM ANY PROTECTING WALL."

are hopelessly conservative and stay-at-home in their habits. Once they get into a pot they like to stay there for ever and ever, until the bulbs become so numerous and congested that they build themselves up into a solid mound, the topmost bulbs in which have lost all direct contact with the soil. By that time there must be precious little soil left in the pot, and what little there is must surely have had all nourishment sucked out of it by the dense mass of roots milling round and round in a frantic quest for sustenance. But although Nerines seem to flourish and flower most freely under starvation and congested area conditions, they do respond to artificial feeding—weekly or fortnightly doses of manure water during the growing season. It might almost be said that these strange bulbs "live on their nerves," and drink, strong drink.

For feeding plants which live permanently in pots, and which are bound to become pot-bound as Nerines do, I use one method, quite apart from liquid manure, or manure water, which I believe to be quite unconventional. I evolved it myself, and can not remember having ever seen it practised by anyone else. I tip the plant, with its congested mass of roots, out of its pot. I then dip the pot in water, and holding it on its side in an almost horizontal position, I put a handful or half a handful of artificial manure into the pot, twisting it over and over until the whole of the inside of the pot has a film of the dry powdery manure sticking to its moist surface. Then the surplus manure is tipped out. For this purpose I use chiefly that safe

well in water. There is no denying the charm and beauty of chrysanthemums at this time of year. But I must say I turn with relief from the almost too easy excesses of chrysanthemums to the somewhat luscious and exotic beauty of my Nerines.

A confession. It has just occurred to me that there is not a single plant of any chrysanthemum in my garden at the present time. A year or two ago I had a small collection of a few favourite pompoms. I did not get rid of them deliberately. Somehow or other they just slipped away. This, however, does not distress me greatly. I prefer chrysanthemums cut to chrysanthemums growing, and I am rich in generous, chrysanthemum-minded



A TRIUMPHANT RECOVERY FROM "A FRIGHTFUL OPERATION, AMPUTATION JUST ABOVE THE ANKLES, AS IT WERE": MR. ELLIOTT'S *Daphne* "SOMERSET" SPROUTING AGAIN FROM THE THICK STUMP AFTER BEING DRASTICALLY SAWN BACK. [Photographs by J. R. Jameson.]

THIS STRANGE WORLD: SOME UNUSUAL NEWS ITEMS RECORDED BY THE ROVING CAMERA.



A "ZEBRA" WITH AN UNUSUAL LOOK: ANIMALS FROM A PECKHAM RYE CIRCUS MAKING THEIR WAY OVER A "ZEBRA CROSSING" IN SOUTH-EAST LONDON DURING NATIONAL ROAD SAFETY WEEK.



WITH A TREE JUTTING OUT OF THE ROOF: A HOUSE BUILT BY A GERMAN FACTORY OWNER ON TOP OF A HILL AT LOHR, IN THE SPESSART MOUNTAINS. THE OWNER FOUND A HUGE DOUGLAS FIR-TREE WHICH HAD BEEN PLANTED BY HIS FATHER IN 1902 GROWING ON THE SITE; AS HE DID NOT HAVE THE HEART TO FELL IT, HE HAD THE HOUSE BUILT AROUND IT. (RIGHT) THE TRUNK OF THE TREE PASSING THROUGH THE FIRST FLOOR OF THE HOUSE.



MOURNING THE DEATH OF THEIR REGIMENTAL MASCOT IN HONG KONG: THE BEARER PARTY STANDING BY THE STRETCHER ON WHICH LIES THE BODY OF TAFFY, THE GOAT. The 1st Battalion the Welch Regiment, stationed in Hong Kong, have been mourning the death of their goat mascot, Taffy IX. Taffy had been with the regiment since 1945 and travelled with them to Italy and later Korea. Taffy's body was buried at an official military ceremony.



AS HIGH AS AN 18-STORY BUILDING: A HUGE SPHERE WHICH WILL HOUSE THE PROTOTYPE OF AN ATOMIC POWER PLANT FOR SUBMARINES.

This huge sphere at West Milton, New York, is said to be the largest of its kind in the world. It is made of inch-thick steel plates joined by more than five miles of welding. It is now ready for its job of housing the prototype of an atomic power plant for submarines.



MOVING LOCK, STOCK AND BARREL: A TWO-STORY BRICK HOUSE IN CHICAGO IS JACKED UP BY WORKMEN BEFORE BEING PUT ON WHEELS AND MOVED TO A NEW SITE HALF A BLOCK AWAY. THIS BUILDING WAS AMONG SEVERAL WHICH WERE SIMILARLY MOVED TO MAKE WAY FOR A NEW PARK SITE.



"EXCUSE ME, YOUR HOUSE IS SLIPPING": A SCENE IN MILWAUKEE, U.S.A., SHOWING A HOUSE WHICH SLID OFF ITS TRAILER WHEN THE TRUCK-DRIVER SWERVED TO AVOID TREE BRANCHES. THE HOUSE, BEING MOVED TO MAKE ROOM FOR A PLAYGROUND, WAS SAFELY JACKED BACK ON TO THE TRAILER.

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. MORE SPOONS.*

By FRANK DAVIS.

attempt to conceal his own mistakes but, with great good sense, uses them as stepping-stones to higher things. As this section of the volume seems to me of exceptional value both to the experienced and to the beginner, I must endeavour to summarise, however inadequately, the author's arguments and his conclusions. The illustrations, in this volume, as in the first, I should add, are nearly all actual size and clarity itself.

It might be thought that it was scarcely worth anybody's while to put a faked spoon on the market, but as a real rarity in mediæval and Elizabethan spoons is worth several hundred pounds, the temptation must be considerable; what is really odd is that anyone ever took the trouble to beat out a George III. spoon into a semblance of the characteristic early shape, put a Seal or an Apostle on top of it, leave the *genuine* George III. marks in full view and expect to make a substantial profit. This implies that you and I must be much sillier than we think we are if we were really taken in, or—and this is just a possibility—we couldn't afford the real thing, and so were content with a poor imitation, which makes us, I submit, only one degree less silly. The author illustrates several examples of such rather elementary aspirants for the Nursery Stakes, and I should imagine that the most gullible among us would think twice before backing them. But another kind of roguery is far more difficult to detect—when a fake Apostle has been placed on a genuine early spoon (as in Plate 7, facing page 236: our Fig. 2). In this case, anyone not very familiar with the types of Apostle used on early English spoons could easily be deceived; and this is where Commander How's engaging frankness does everyone a service, for he not only explains just how the spoon has been altered, but makes no bones about acknowledging his own early errors. "This spoon," says he, "was at one time in the Ellis Collection, and I not only catalogued it as genuine in 1935, but later bought it for £56, when it was sold by Messrs. Sotheby. The authenticity of the spoon was not questioned at the time, and it was not until two or three years later that I was able definitely to show that, though the spoon itself was genuine, the figure was one of the modern castings added probably in the late nineteenth century, to meet the big demand for Apostle spoons. I have now learnt to recognise one of these Continental models at a glance, even in an illustration."

Next comes an intriguing example of misplaced ingenuity. If a Sealtop has been faked up and replaced by an Apostle, the original spoon is obviously ruined. If a so-called Puritan spoon (that is, the type with a perfectly plain stem and no finial) has been crowned by a bogus Apostle, the original spoon may be untouched. One such spoon (before and after) is illustrated (Plate 10, facing page 242: our Fig 3), and it appears that it is not uncommon to find similar pieces which have been altered without irreparable damage having been done. On the other hand, the top may have been cut to make room for the finial, and, if so, the spoon becomes valueless. The moral is that even if you have taken the trouble to become thoroughly familiar with the various Apostles and their emblems as they were used in the past, and also with the various imitation Apostles invented in the nineteenth century, it by no means follows that buying a bogus Apostle spoon, knowing it to be bogus, is going to bring you honour and glory when you have removed the Apostle—you may be gnashing your teeth over a ruined Puritan spoon instead. After this—and I necessarily omit much detail—we are taken away from the nursery and introduced to one or two fakes carried out in the grand manner, and which are real tests of knowledge, flair and experience. Obviously a Puritan spoon is easier to copy by casting than the more elaborate kind with a figure finial, and two are illustrated which the author is convinced are early castings from an original of the year 1665; indeed, he suggests they may be very nearly contemporary with the original, cast in the provinces from a London spoon by a workman who thought it would be good business to avoid sending his silver to Goldsmiths Hall to be assayed.

In this case Commander How seems to be on rather debatable ground, but go and argue with him, please, not with me. The silliest and most obvious fakes are two Scottish spoons with bogus armoured figures as finials (Plate 23, facing page 268: our Fig. 4), which would surely not deceive anybody; the most ingenious and skilful, a forgery masterpiece, is the spoon in the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, known as the Perry Master Spoon, which is illustrated (Plate 28, facing page 278) by permission of the Museum, on the same page as the original in the Chichester collection, from which it was cast; a truly brilliant effort. It is a longish story, the gist of which is that the forgery may have been acquired during a lifetime of collecting by the Rev. Thomas Staniforth, who died in 1887. The collection was inherited by his great nephew, Colonel E. W. Stanyforth, of Kirk Hammerton Hall, York, and an illustrated catalogue was published in 1898. It is, on the other hand, possible that the genuine spoon was originally in the collection and that the casting of this and others was made and substituted for them after the original owner's death in 1887, but before the collection was illustrated in 1898. The Museum report ends: "The conclusion seems unmistakably to be that the Museum's spoon (M.F.A. 49, 1709) is a copy, made by casting, annealing and some hammering of the Master Spoon of 1514 in London." I have perhaps given undue emphasis to this section of the book, practical and fascinating though it is. There is, of course, a great deal more in the study of even so limited a subject as spoons than the tracking-down of forgeries.

For example, those who are anxious to have their minds swept and garnished before they form their own conclusions about identification of the various Apostles will find a very thorough discussion of the subject in Section I. There, too, they will be able to see the best detailed illustrations yet published of the Corpus Christi College, Oxford, crozier which belonged to Bishop Foxe. (Plates 2 and 3, facing pages 14 and 16.) "I hope," says the author, "that the inclusion of this illustration will encourage all in search of Mediæval spoons to expect, not finials inferior to those to which they are accustomed, but something much finer and more beautiful than anything they have previously seen or imagined." Those who saw this noble crozier at Goldsmiths Hall this summer in the Treasures of Oxford Exhibition will not need to be reminded that here is one of the major glories of English mediæval craftsmanship.



THE postman, normally a cheerful extrovert character, staggered up the garden path last week-end and dumped a remarkably large parcel, after ringing the bell in a defiant manner. When anything out of the ordinary arrives he has a habit of ringing the bell and waiting; then he hands over whatever



FIGS. 1 AND 2. FAKES OF APOSTLE SPOONS: (LEFT) A GEORGE III. TABLESPOON CONVERTED INTO AN APOSTLE SPOON, AND (RIGHT) A SKILFUL FAKE, WHICH FOR A TIME DECEIVED COMMANDER HOW.

The spoon on the left "is converted from a George III. tablespoon . . . the Leopard's Head having been obliterated on the stem, leaving only the date-letter, Lion Passant and Maker's Mark, as on early spoons and a mark has been made on the back of the bowl to simulate an early punch." The fake on the right for a time deceived Commander How, the author of "English and Scottish Silver Spoons," who writes that he catalogued it as genuine and purchased it, but later was able to prove that though the spoon was genuine, the figure was modern.

he has brought with a grin of pleasure and the greeting "Must be your birthday!" We both enjoy this little ritual, and we never tire of it, for, we think to ourselves, if a thing is good once it's worth repeating. On this occasion he must have felt aggrieved, and when I, in my turn, picked up the parcel, I understood; I staggered upstairs with it and put it on the bathroom scales: 11 lb. Inside was Volume II. of Commander How's monumental "English and Scottish Silver Spoons," a noble, indeed a princely, example of the printer's craft, in which, very deftly, a subject which to many will seem somewhat narrow acquires a good deal of the romance belonging to the better kind of detective fiction. Nor does our retired N.O. turned detective—or, rather, our two detectives, for Mrs. How has a hand in the affair—nor do they let us off lightly with mere vague, airy theories; they are of the solid school of investigators, wherein all "t's" are crossed and all "i's" dotted, and the enquirer is good-humouredly thumped into acquiescence. The good humour is particularly evident in the interesting chapter on forgeries, wherein the author (who needs no introduction to collectors of silver) makes no



FIGS. 3 AND 4. LEGITIMATE RESTORATION: A GENUINE PROVINCIAL PURITAN SPOON OF C. 1665, WITH A FIGURE SOLDERED ON TO IT, AND AFTER THE FAKED APOSTLE HAD BEEN REMOVED; AND (RIGHT) AN OBVIOUS FORGERY, A SPOON WITH A FIGURE IN ARMOUR AT THE TOP.

"Would-be fakers not infrequently soldered Apostles on the tops of genuine Puritan and Slip-top spoons without, as a rule, doing any serious damage to the spoon itself. Collectors should always look carefully at spoons with obviously fake Apostles, as on more than one occasion I have found genuine and valuable spoons thus disfigured," writes Commander How. "The spoon bearing a pseudo-Gothic figure at the top is one of the most shocking fakes I have ever seen, bearing no resemblance whatsoever to any Scottish or English spoon of early date." It is a typical product of the Gothic revival in Scotland.

Illustrations by Courtesy of Commander George Evelyn Paget How, R.N. (ret.), author of the book reviewed on this page.

* On this page Frank Davis reviews "English and Scottish Silver Spoons, Mediæval to late Stuart and Pre-Elizabethan Hall-marks on English Plate," by Commander George Evelyn Paget How, R.N. (ret.), F.S.A. (Scot.), in collaboration with Jane Penrice How. In three volumes. Price 50 gns. De Luxe Edition, 110 gns. Vol. II. Privately Printed.

MEMORY, CEREMONY, AND A GREAT PAINTING: CRAFTSMANSHIP AND ART.

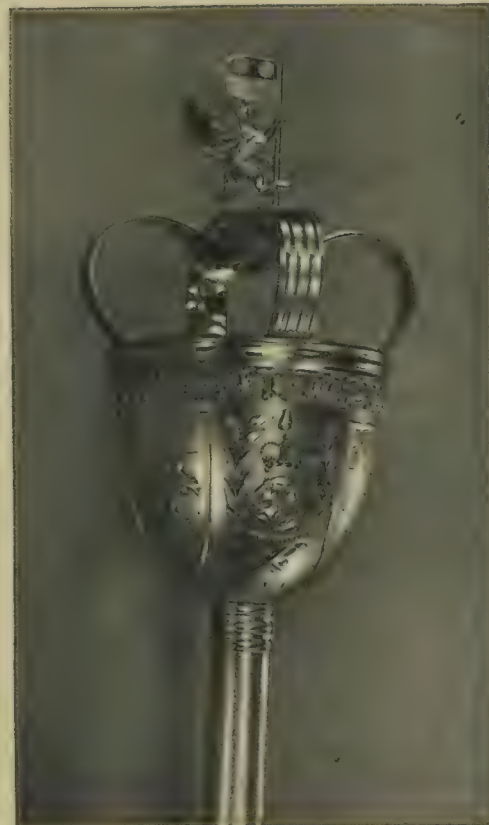


COMMISSIONED BY THE IMPERIAL WAR GRAVES COMMISSION: A GILT-BRONZE EAGLE BY MR. CHARLES WHEELER, R.A., FOR MALTA'S R.A.F. MEMORIAL. Mr. Charles Wheeler, R.A., the distinguished sculptor, recently completed a large gilt-bronze eagle commissioned by the Imperial War Graves Commission to surmount a tall column to be erected as an R.A.F. memorial in Malta. The eagle was due to leave England for Malta on October 26, and it is hoped that the memorial will be unveiled some time in the spring of 1954.



ON VIEW IN THE UNIVERSITY EXHIBITION AT SOUTHAMPTON: WANDS OF OFFICE, BY FRANCIS J. COOPER, MADE IN 1953, AND BEARING THE CORONATION HALL MARK.

Southampton University achieved its full status in 1952, and the current University Exhibition in the Civic Centre Art Gallery, Southampton, includes examples from its regalia. [The wands of office, presented by Rediffusion Ltd., are carried by the Marshal and Deputy Marshal in procession. The Mace (right), presented by members of the Senior Common Room by funds subscribed, is carried before the Chancellor or his representative by the Esquire Bedell.



DESIGNED AND MADE BY LESLIE G. DURBIN, AND BEARING THE CORONATION HALL MARK 1953: SOUTHAMPTON UNIVERSITY'S MACE.

(RIGHT.) ON LOAN TO THE NATIONAL GALLERY UNTIL THE END OF THE YEAR: "CHRIST AND THE ADULTERESS," BY GIORGIONE, FROM THE GLASGOW ART GALLERY, NOW CLEANED AND RESTORED.

"Christ and the Adulteress," by Giorgione (c. 1477-1510), is on view among the Venetian pictures in the National Gallery, Trafalgar Square, as a loan from the Glasgow Art Gallery in return for the hospitality of the National Gallery studios, where the Trustees allowed it to be privately cleaned by Mr. H. Ruheman. Before cleaning it was obscured by thick brown varnish, which has now been removed, and the total effect is of sumptuous colour, delicacy of painting and tenderness of feeling. The picture, which is shown without a glass at the National Gallery, was in the seventeenth century in the collection of Queen Christina of Sweden. It was bequeathed to Glasgow with the McLellan Collection in 1856. Unfortunately at some time after the canvas left the collection of Christina of Sweden, a piece was cut from its right-hand side. This included the full-length figure of a man, from which there survive only the head, now in the Sachs Collection, New York, and a projecting knee which remained in the picture, though painted over, and has now been uncovered. The beauty of the painting will, it is thought, convince any who doubted the attribution to Giorgione in the past.



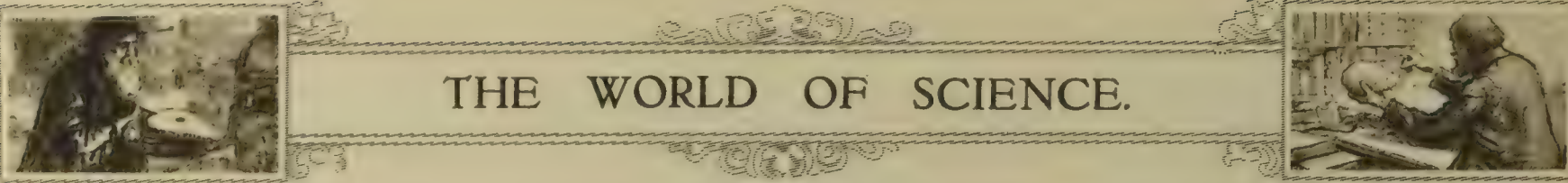
(LEFT.) UNVEILED BY MR. LYTTELTON ON OCTOBER 23: A BRONZE STATUE OF DAVID LIVINGSTONE BY MR. T. B. HUXLEY-JONES.

David Livingstone (1813-73) "unlocked the door of the African continent," said Mr. Lyttelton, Secretary of State for the Colonies, when he unveiled a statue of the explorer by Mr. T. B. Huxley-Jones outside the Royal Geographical Society's Hall. Lord Catto has contributed towards the cost, and funds from the Memorial set up in 1903 have been used.

(RIGHT.) TO COMMEMORATE THE ENDOWMENT OF THE CHAIR OF ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING AT CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY: A SILVER ROSE-WATER DISH AND EWER.

The B.E.A.M.A. are commemorating the endowment of the Chair of Electrical Engineering at Cambridge University by the presentation to the University of a silver dish and ewer designed by Mr. M. E. Gould, who won first prize in the competition conducted on behalf of B.E.A.M.A. by the Worshipful Company of Goldsmiths. It is being exhibited before presentation at the "Public Patronage" Silver Exhibition at the Royal Festival Hall.





THERE is a particular trick of London's pigeons that frequently excites comment and question. A group of them may be feeding at one's feet, within 2 or 3 inches of the toecaps of one's shoes, showing thereby the utmost confidence in their human neighbours. Perhaps "utmost" is an over-statement, for although it looks as if you have only to stoop down to take them by hand, they are sufficiently alert to move just out



A SPECIES WHICH REACHED THE VERGE OF EXTINCTION IN 1863 AS THE RESULT OF THE INTRODUCTION OF CATS AND OTHER MARAUDERS TO ITS HABITAT: THE TOOTH-BILLED PIGEON OF SAMOA, ONE OF THE GROUND-PIGEONS.

The tooth-billed pigeon of Samoa is said formerly to have lived and nested on the ground. It reached the verge of extinction in 1863, but has now increased in numbers due, so it is claimed in some quarters, to a change of habits, the story being that it has taken to nesting and roosting in tall trees.

Photograph reproduced by courtesy of the American Museum of Natural History, New York.

of range at the slightest sign of hostile intention. Their reactions are not, however, so much in evidence on such occasions nor so rapid as when a motor-car backfires in the street near by. Then, all the pigeons around and within earshot of the sound will take to the air immediately and simultaneously. The birds' trust and confidence when food is offered is in vivid contrast to their lack of these things at certain sounds caused by human agency. Pigeons are particularly wary birds. Their heavy flapping of wings through the trees at the human approach sets everything in the woods on the *qui vive*. In the open country, their escape distance still exceeds that of probably every other species in Britain.

The first thought on seeing the London pigeon take off at the sound of the backfire is that the bird has taken the noise for the report of a gun. Then, one recalls that this particular group of pigeons, for certain knowledge, have never heard a shot fired in anger or greed. At least, so far as one can tell, generations of them have been there, in that same spot, although the possibility that some may wander to less pacific areas and return to pass on the results of unhappy experiences cannot be ruled out. Nor that the particular flock may be joined by immigrants from less peaceful areas, who, by mere example, set the pace. I have often thought on this anomaly; and last summer, while on a train journey when a violent thunderstorm was sweeping the countryside, I happened to be looking at a group of wood-pigeons in a stag-headed oak as a clap of thunder broke. Immediately, the pigeons rose and flew off as one bird. From then on, I kept careful watch for the behaviour of the pigeons, and of the other kinds of birds visible from the carriage window, at each thunderclap. Invariably the pigeons flew up at the sound; all other birds seemed to cling tighter to their perches.

SOME PIGEON PROBLEMS.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

Admittedly, the sound of thunder is different from the backfire of a car, but one has somehow to account for this quick reaction to an explosive sound, so deeply embedded in the mental equipment of pigeons.

London, and the other big towns, have had their pigeons a very long time. In the Middle Ages, the keeping of dove-cote pigeons was a very common practice, the young being taken for food. It has been suggested that the Romans brought over the practice and the birds as well. The assumption is that many of the birds became feral and inter-bred freely with the wild rock-pigeon or rock-dove, from which the dove-cote birds had been originally derived. It seems improbable, therefore, that the ready reaction to a "bang" is an acquired and inherited reaction of long standing to offensive weapons. A natural reaction to the sound of thunder transferred to the sound of a motor-car seemed to me a good explanation. However, when I mentioned my far-reaching discovery (!) to an ornithologist friend, he pointed out that I had been watching wood-pigeons and that London's pigeons were descendants of rock-pigeons. He also drew my attention to a suggestion made some time ago by Heinroth, the eminent student of animal behaviour, that since the rock-pigeon roosts naturally on cliffs, there action could be a deep-seated defensive response to the sound of a cliff fall. The theory may be correct, but I am still sure that the wood-pigeons flew up at the sound of thunder, and to my mind the sound of a cliff fall is no nearer the sound of a backfire than the sound of thunder. So, like many others, I am still wondering.

There is another question about pigeons that came to my notice some time ago. It was in an authoritative book, dated 1921, and refers to the tooth-billed pigeon of Samoa, which was reported nearly extinct in 1863. The tooth-billed pigeon is one of many species that have taken to a terrestrial life, and are, as a consequence, known as ground-pigeons. The tooth-billed pigeon has a remarkably strong, hooked beak, recalling another famous pigeon, the flightless pigeon of Mauritius and Reunion, the almost legendary dodo, to which it is regarded by some authorities to be related. At all events, there seems to have been a close parallel in the histories of the two

birds. The dodo became extinct when pigs, and other potential predators, were introduced to the two Indian Ocean islands by human agency. The extinction of the tooth-billed pigeon was threatened by cats and other predators, presumably introduced to Samoa. Although they feed and roost in the trees, tooth-billed pigeons used to nest on the ground. The word "used" is employed here, for, my book said, "it is now, however, said to be once more increasing, having entirely changed its habits and taken to an arboreal life. It feeds and roosts in the highest trees, and whereas it formerly laid its single egg on the ground... it now builds its nest in the branches."

If this were true, and the same story has been repeated in substantially the same words in other books since 1921, then it would afford a most interesting example of a change of habit under persecution. In an effort to confirm the story, I took the liberty of writing to several ornithologists in the U.S.A., and from their replies it appears that no confirmation is forthcoming. On the other hand, it is the growing conviction of ornithologists operating in the London area that blackbirds there are tending to nest higher, and this is presumed to be the result of persecution by tame cats.

At all events, one often sees in a London park a blackbird's nest in an atypical position at a greater height from the ground than normal; and the same may be said occasionally of rural areas recently built up.

The interest of this lies in the double question: Do the birds learn from experience, or is it only those having the tendency to build higher in the trees that survive? The animal psychologist says "No" to the first part of the question and places reliance on the direct natural selection implied in the second half, his argument being that the habit of nest-building is innate and only a genetic change will affect it. Well, here is another question, to which I can offer only one reply: that whatever the reason for the change in the blackbird's habits, it must go further to produce



TAME ENOUGH TO FEED OUT OF THE HAND YET TAKING TO THE WING IMMEDIATELY ON THE SOUND OF A CAR BACKFIRING OR OTHER EXPLOSIVE NOISE: TWO OF LONDON'S PIGEONS, DESCENDANTS OF ROCK-PIGEONS.

Photograph by Neave Parker.

safety if one may judge from the average cat's ability to climb.

On the other hand, there is no doubt of a learning ability in a certain cat who, after having had several lots of kittens taken from her and destroyed, on the approach of the next occasion built herself a nest well up in a tree near the house. There she had her kittens, and she continued to come back to the house for her food, returning to her kittens after each meal. And only when they were well-grown did she bring them down.

Returning to pigeons, it may be worth adding a postscript. Although I have referred so much to London's pigeons, and mentioned, almost in an aside, that there are pigeons in other big cities in Britain, the fact remains that "pigeons have been taken from this country to South Africa, New Zealand and America, where they have in turn escaped to populate the city buildings, or even to take to living wild in the cliffs."

FOR THE CHRISTMAS LIST.

The annual problems of Christmas shopping will soon have to be solved and gifts for relatives and friends overseas chosen, packed and posted. A solution may be found in two ways: either by ordering a copy of "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" CHRISTMAS NUMBER, which will be on sale in its familiar red and gold cover from November 19 (price 3s. 6d.; 3s. 10d. including postage), or by taking out a subscription for the year or half-year in the friend's or relative's name. The first will prove an acceptable gift in the Christmas season, while the second will serve to remind the recipient of the donor's affection over a longer period and provide weeks of pleasure. Orders for the Christmas Number and for subscriptions can now be taken, and should be addressed to The Subscription Department, "The Illustrated London News," Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2, and should include the name and address of the person to whom the copies are to be sent and the price of the subscription.

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DISTINGUISHED FIGHTING MEN AS ARTISTS: THE ARMY ART SOCIETY.

Continued.

the Royal Air Force Lord Tedder, and Air Vice-Marshal B. Spackman. Some time ago it was decided that the Society should widen its scope, and membership is no longer limited to commissioned ranks of the Army, but includes officers and other ranks of the Royal Navy, the R.A.F. and the Women's Services, as well as of the Army. There are 355 exhibits in the current show, which includes water-colour drawings, paintings in oil, black-and-white drawings, and sculpture. The water-colour section

(Continued below.)

"THE WHITE MILL, NORFOLK BROADS"; BY GROUP CAPTAIN A. V. HAMMOND. OFFICERS AND OTHER RANKS OF THE THREE SERVICES AND OF THE WOMEN'S SERVICES ARE MEMBERS OF THE ARMY ART SOCIETY.

THE twenty-second Exhibition of the Army Art Society opened last week in the Exhibition Galleries of the Imperial Institute, South Kensington, and will continue until November 7. The Society came into being when two officers, Lieut.-Colonel R. H. W. Wilson, late of the 10th Hussars, and Lieut.-Colonel Owen Lewis,

(Continued below.)

"DELHI"; BY MAJOR-GENERAL J. C. T. WILLIS. ONE OF THE GROUP OF WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS ON VIEW AT THE ARMY ART SOCIETY'S TWENTY-SECOND SHOW.

Continued.

is perhaps the strongest, but there is some excellent work in the other sections, including several good portraits in oils. A few of the exhibitors are professional artists of distinction, such as Mr. John Skeaping, A.R.A., who is chairman of the Judging Committee, but the majority of members of the Society are amateurs.



"BUNDORAN, CO. DONEGAL"; BY FIELD MARSHAL EARL ALEXANDER OF TUNIS, MINISTER OF DEFENCE, THE DISTINGUISHED WAR LEADER. HE HAS ALSO EXHIBITED IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

Continued.

late of the Green Howards, conceived the idea of arranging a display of paintings and drawings by soldiers. H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught consented to be the first patron of the young Society and opened its initial exhibition in the R.B.A. Galleries in October 1925. Among the early members were the late Lord Baden Powell and the late Mr. Adrian Jones, sculptor of the Quadriga on the Constitution Hill triumphal arch. The present patron is Field Marshal the Viscount Montgomery of Alamein, and distinguished service personalities who exhibit with the Society include Field Marshal Earl Alexander of Tunis, Field Marshal Sir Claude Auchinleck, Marshal of

(Continued above, right.)

"SPRING EVENING, QUETTA"; BY FIELD MARSHAL SIR CLAUDE AUCHINLECK, CHAIRMAN OF THE ARMY ART SOCIETY, AND A REGULAR EXHIBITOR AT ITS DISPLAYS.



"IRON BRIDGE, FULHAM"; BY THE LATE COLONEL W. G. ELPHINSTON, ONE OF A GROUP OF FOUR WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS SHOWN TOGETHER AS A MEMORIAL TO HIM.



"A STUDY IN CONTRASTS: BACK STAGE AT THE INTERNATIONAL HORSE SHOW, 1953"; BY LIEUT.-COL. N. LOVETT. TWO SPANISH RIDING SCHOOL HORSES ARE SHOWN (LEFT).

NEW STATUES "OF ASTOUNDING PERFECTION" FROM MARI: A NEW AND UNKNOWN KING AND A "MESOPOTAMIAN MELBA" OF 4500 YEARS AGO.

By PROFESSOR ANDRÉ PARROT, Chief Professor of the National Museums of France, Professor of the Ecole du Louvre and Director of the French Expedition to Mari since 1933.

IN the article which we wrote last year (*The Illustrated London News*, August 30, 1952), recording our seventh campaign at Mari (near Abu-Kemal, where the Euphrates crosses the Syria-Iraq frontier), we stated in conclusion: "Nothing has surpassed in brilliance the Early Dynastic Age, which now stands revealed

(Continued below, right.)



FIG. 1. "THE GREAT SINGER" OF MARI—THE THIRD MILLENNIUM STATUE (SEE ALSO FIG. 2) OF UR-NINA, SHOWING THE INSCRIPTION.



FIG. 3. THE BUST OF "NANI THE PIOUS," ONE OF THE STATUES OF THE COURT OF KING ITUR-SHAMAGAN. THE EYES ARE LAPIS LAZULI SET IN SHELL.



FIG. 2. THE STATUE OF UR-NINA (OR UR-NANSHE), FOUND IN THE TEMPLE OF ISHTAKAT. THE INSCRIPTION (FIG. 1) RECORDS HER NAME AND DEDICATES THE STATUE TO IBLUL-IL, KING OF MARI.

Continued.]

in all its vigour and its grandeur." The eighth expedition, which we led from October to December 1952, confirmed the above statement beyond all expectations. Never before, in one season's diggings, had we found so many statues of such astounding perfection, but perhaps never before had the destruction been so wanton or so brutal. Even now we do not know the authors of this devastation (Sargon of Akkad or Lugalzaggisi?), of the results of which we were helpless spectators last year. During the winter of 1951-52, we located an archaic ziggurat ("Massif Rouge") and began to excavate the sanctuaries

in the immediate vicinity. On resuming work in October 1952 we continued the clearing of the tower, which is now completely isolated. Whilst the north-west façade was still decorated with pilasters and recesses, the south-east face emerged in a badly-damaged condition, and all its architectural embellishments had disappeared. Our disappointment was mitigated on discovering the Cyclopean proportions of the tower, built on an impressive accumulation of stone blocks the line of which, extending for some distance, most certainly formed the wall of the *temenos*, that is to say, of the specially sacred area within which temples were erected. Here our hopes were more than fulfilled. Two sanctuaries attributed to two new divinities, probably Shamash and particularly Ishtar, were discovered, both of which were only partly cleared. The temple of Shamash (identification of the god is not absolutely certain, but appears probable) exposed the remains of three super-imposed structures: Babylon I, Sargonid and Early Dynastic.

[Continued opposite.]



FIG. 4. A HITHERTO UNKNOWN KING OF MARI: ITUR-SHAMAGAN. A STATUE ASSEMBLED FROM FORTY-FIVE FRAGMENTS RECENTLY DISCOVERED.

GODDESSES, KINGS AND WORSHIPPERS OF ANCIENT MARI: NEW MASTERPIECES OF MESOPOTAMIAN SCULPTURE.

Continued.

It was in the earliest occupation-level that we picked up the first pieces of sculpture: the head of a bearded man (Fig. 8), the head of a deity (doubtless Ninhursag) (Fig. 5), and also ivories (Fig. 11), shells and large pieces from jars (Fig. 14) decorated in relief exactly recalling a work of similar style found at Khafadje (*The Illustrated London News*, June 9, 1934). Near by the temple of Ishtar gradually emerged from beneath one habitation-level, a definite proof that it had not been rebuilt after its destruction in the middle of the Third Millennium B.C. Some ten rooms and courts have been cleared. The floors were strewn with broken statues and figures. All these fragments were carefully collected, and, thanks to the skill of a restorer from the Damascus Museum, Mr. Hassan Zurkoch, who was lent

[Continued below, right.]



FIG. 5. PROBABLY A HEAD OF THE GODDESS NINHURSAG: ABOVE THE PUFFED-OUT HAIR CAN BE SEEN THE BASE OF A KIND OF TIARA, WITH A SCALLOPED LINE DECORATION.



FIG. 7. THE STATUETTE OF A GODDESS, PROBABLY ISHTARAT, THE GODDESS OF LOVE, IN WHOSE SHRINE THIS LARGE COLLECTION OF STATUARY WAS FOUND.



FIG. 6. A HEAD OF A WORSHIPPER, PERHAPS AN UNKNOWN KING, ASSEMBLED FROM SEVERAL FRAGMENTS: FOUND WITH FIG. 4.

Continued.

to us through the courtesy of Mr. Selim Abdulhak, Director-General of Antiquities, we were able to reconstruct an impressive number of statuettes: eleven small statues with heads intact, or nearly so; four figures with mutilated heads; six headless statues or statuettes; seven busts with heads; and five isolated heads. This is without taking into account the masses of other fragments such as hands, elbows, feet, etc. Historically, the most important of these statues is that of the King of Mari, Itur-Shamagan (Fig. 4), hitherto unknown, which was

[Continued below.]



FIG. 8. THE HEAD OF A WORSHIPPER, FOUND IN THE TEMPLE OF SHAMASH (c. 2500 B.C.). NOTE THE SHAVEN LIP AND FALSE BEARD. BROWS AND EYES HAVE LOST THEIR INLAIS.

Continued.

reassembled from forty-five fragments. Beside the King reappear all the members of his Court: Salim, the King's elder brother; Nani Suwada (Fig. 3), the cup-bearer; Mesgirru, the country's "overseer." A second King, Iblul-II, was revealed to us by several inscriptions engraved on the back of Ur-Nanshe (or

Ur-Nina), the "Great Singer" (or "Great Musician"), who had dedicated her statue for the life of the King (Figs. 1 and 2). The delicate tenderness and sensitive execution of this sculpture is one of the most extraordinary achievements of archaic Mesopotamian statuary. The statue was yielded up with other

[Continued overleaf.]

THE MESOPOTAMIAN ARTS OF 4500 YEARS AGO, NEW SCULPTURE AND DELICATE, DETAILED SHELL MOSAICS FROM MARI.



FIG. 9. A KNEELING CAPTIVE: A FINE SINGLE MOTIF FOR A PANEL OF SHELL INLAY. MANY SUCH FRAGMENTS HAVE NOW BEEN FOUND.

Continued. exceptional pieces representing bearded (Fig. 6) or shaven worshippers, all with folded hands, and eyes inlaid with shell and lapis-lazuli. Many of these bear inscriptions, others remain anonymous, but are equally valuable to us for the characteristic realism to which they testify (Fig. 15). Gracefulness and sensitivity are expressed by other female figures, including one of an entirely new type, seated on a throne with a *polos* style coiffure, covered by a veil framing the head

[Continued below, right]

(RIGHT.)

FIG. 10. FRAGMENTS FROM A LARGE PANEL OF SHELL MOSAIC, PRESUMABLY REPRESENTING A SCENE OF BATTLE. THE SOLDIERS ARE HELMETED AND CARRY WEAPONS.



FIG. 11. TWO NOTABLES FROM A BANQUET SCENE IN IVORY: BOTH HOLD GOBLET. THE HAIR OF ONE AND BEARD OF THE OTHER ORIGINALLY CARRIED A COLOURED INLAY.



FIG. 13. A MACE-HEAD OF GYPSUM, DECORATED WITH A LION COUCHANT. THIS OBJECT HAD BEEN PLACED AS A VOTIVE OFFERING ISHTARAT.



FIG. 14. A FRAGMENT OF A VASE OF CARVED SOAPSTONE, SHOWING HUMAN AND ANIMAL FIGURES, PROBABLY PART OF A MYTHOLOGICAL SCENE.



FIG. 12. A BULL'S HEAD ARM-REST FOR A THRONE, CARVED FROM DIORITE. THE SHELL INLAY OF THE EYE IS STILL INTACT.

Continued.

and shoulders (Fig. 7). We wonder whether, in this case, it is not a question of Ishtar, that goddess of love, worshipped in one of the sanctuaries most richly adorned with votive offerings of every kind. Besides the statues and statuettes, there were some stone vessels, maces (Fig. 13), and more than 200 plaques of mother-of-pearl or ivory, having at one time formed part of decorative panels now completely scattered. Amongst the characters depicted can be recognised

[Continued below.]



FIG. 15. ANOTHER FRAGMENTARY HEAD OF A WORSHIPPER—COMPARE WITH FIG. 8. IT CARRIES NO INSCRIPTION AND SO MUST REMAIN ANONYMOUS.

Continued. worshippers, bearers of offerings, warriors (Fig. 10), captives (Fig. 9), craftsmen, musicians—in short, all classes of the people of that period. The population and its hierarchy reappear pictorially before us: kings, dignitaries, functionaries and citizens. An amazingly lifelike resurrection, as we were able to put a name to a great number of these individuals. They illustrate, and sometimes

modify, our conceptions of the art of antiquity, and their names increase our knowledge of history. Together, the whole undoubtedly represents an asset of prodigious value. The clearing of the two sanctuaries, already partly-excavated, will be resumed next autumn, making the ninth season of the French Expedition at Mari.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

DOING JUSTICE.

By J. C. TREWIN.

IT is now three years since I sat in the green-and-gold casket (inescapable phrase) of the Theatre Royal at Bristol, and saw a play so theatrically intense that its arrival in the West End seemed to be certain. It was by Ernst Toller (who died in 1939) and Denis Johnston; its setting, in an Irish country town and in the Courts at Dublin, hinted that Johnston's hand was more



CONTAINING "ONE OF THE MOST PLAUSIBLE COURT-AND-PERSONAL DRAMAS OF ITS PERIOD: CERTAINLY I HAVE NOT HEARD A MORE FORCIBLE TRIAL": "BLIND MAN'S BUFF," BY ERNST TOLLER AND DENIS JOHNSTON, SHOWING DR. ANICE HOLLINGSHEAD (ELIZABETH ALLAN) AND DR. FRANK CHAVASSE (DENNIS PRICE) IN A SCENE FROM THE PLAY AT THE ST. MARTIN'S THEATRE.

powerful than Toller's. Undeniably, the flick of folk-humour, and the sharp outline of such a character as the obstinate assistant pathologist, all prejudice and prickly heat, spoke for one of the most distinguished Irish writers of the time.

Without then knowing the derivation of the play (for I had missed a club theatre production fourteen years earlier), I was haunted by a feeling that I had been there before, not in the same place, perhaps, but somewhere very much like it. And once at home again, I found a volume of Ernst Toller's plays, from 1935, and discovered what I had been searching for in a piece called "The Blind Goddess." Other plays in the book had more quality, Ashley Dukes's version of a Luddite drama, "The Machine Wreckers," for instance; but it was "The Blind Goddess" I needed, a laboriously-built drama on the dangers of circumstantial evidence, the evils of slander and rumour. Laborious, yes, and yet with an odd cumulative effect, a Germanic thoroughness. And here was one of the seeds of "Blind Man's Buff." "I have no illusions," says a trapped woman. "To speak of fate is pure rhetoric."

DEFENDING COUNSEL: Always?

ANNA: Nearly always.

DEFENDING COUNSEL: And justice?

ANNA: When I was a child we used to play a game called blind man's buff. One of us was blindfolded, and the others had to keep out of his way. The blind man lunged about the room until he managed to catch somebody who was even blinder than he was.

Clearly, it was this play, reconstructed, lightened and with a fresh theatrical talking-point, that I had seen at Bristol. There were only thirteen characters in "Blind Man's Buff" against thirty and more in "The Blind Goddess." And some of the scenes from the earlier play had gone altogether: the Jury's Retiring Room, for example, and the two prison scenes—the workroom in the women's prison and

the cell in the men's. But the most important change was the use, in "Blind Man's Buff," of the law of evidence summarised in the words: "Except in special circumstances, the accused cannot be questioned about his past life, but if he challenges the character of any one of the opposing witnesses, he may be cross-examined about his own." It is (presumably) Denis Johnston's employment of this that gives so much force to the trial scene in the Central Criminal Court at Dublin.

Briefly, circumstantial evidence is against the doctor on trial for the murder of his wife. But the deadliest evidence—about his affair with a woman doctor in the town—cannot be produced if only he curbs himself, keeps quiet about the ways of a vicious former domestic. Both prosecution and defence are armed. The trial becomes an intricate duel of wits, a chess game. And the prisoner flings away his own chance. He is goaded into attacking the vital witness; once he has said too much, he cannot withdraw. The scene ends—and it is a firm dramatic stroke—at the very moment of his error and the prosecution's triumphant move.

This is now as dramatic at the St. Martin's (the West End at last) as it was in a stronger production at Bristol. The other major scene of the play appears, treated more heavily, in "The Blind Goddess." It is one in which, for the sake of justice, a scientist must agree that he has been in error. What was thought to have been murder was plainly suicide. The expert witness must retract. The State Solicitor has to summon him to a sense of duty. This is carefully contrived in each version, but much more potently in "Blind Man's Buff"—where only six months have elapsed since the trial and the pathologist is stamped in with a hot iron—than in "The Blind Goddess," where the period is five years, and the pathologist ("Within its limits," he has said earlier, "Science is infallible") is no more than a profile of a man.

The plays vary in many matters. There are two prisoners in "The Blind Goddess"; the trial scene is cumbersome, and the piece is quite without humour. In "Blind Man's Buff"—where only the doctor is on trial—the characters, down to a smallholder and his everlasting cow, are manoeuvred more subtly, and the play glides along as if a blunting pencil had been freshly sharpened.

"Blind Man's Buff" has had an uncommon history; but we are concerned now with its arrival—its too belated arrival—in the West End. I do not think the production helps it. The beginning of the play droops; the end sags; and some important performances were clearer at Bristol than in London. But, away from the doctor's house—the first scene and the last—the play carries us: we can have nothing

better, of its kind, than the trial, with Newton Blick's thoughtful owl of a judge set above the rival barristers, Hugh Manning (for the prosecution), rosily matter-of-fact; Douglas Wilmer (for the defence), a pouncing hawk. Also present, besides the prisoner (Dennis Price), are the witnesses—for in an Irish Court these remain throughout—Elizabeth Allan as the implicated woman doctor, whose evidence is part of the chess game; Wilfrid Brambell, all peat-and-pother as the smallholder (who reminded me now and then of the Johnston who wrote the tale of the One Hundred and Thirty-Two Domesticities in "The Moon in the Yellow River"); Shela Ward as the viperish maidservant, and Alan MacNaughtan in pale obstinacy as the little jack-in-office pathologist.

An official who merely watches during the trial scene has the play's most actable part: the State



"A MESSY BUSINESS INDEED, BUT WELL TRANSLATED (KITTY BLACK FROM GEORGES SIMENON), AND PRODUCED (BY NORMAN MARSHALL) WITH AN ART WHICH WE HOPE TO SEE EXERCISED ON BETTER PLAYS": "THE SNOW WAS BLACK"—A TENSE SCENE FROM THE PLAY AT THE NEW WATERGATE THEATRE, SHOWING (L. TO R.) KROMER (DENIS SHAW), FRANK (ROLAND CURRAM) AND SISSY (PERLITA NEILSON) IN LOTTE'S ESTABLISHMENT IN AN UNNAMED CITY. (THIS PLAY WAS WITHDRAWN ON OCT. 25.)

Solicitor, an unsparing fighter but an honest one. John Phillips, who was the Solicitor at Bristol, is back again to make a personage of the man, his mind a thrusting spear against the young scientist. For me, this is a play both absorbing and touching. It is not allowed to melt into a sunset glow. The last scene

is an inevitable ending, an inevitable development of character, though I cannot say that it will please anyone who prefers in the theatre a cosy falsification to an unpalatable truth. Here is one of the most plausible court-and-personal dramas of its period: certainly I have not heard a more forcible trial. All interested in the evolution of a play should read "The Blind Goddess" version of the Court scene, with its clumsy business that needs the use of a life-size wax model.

There is no trial in "The Snow Was Black" (New Watergate), but there is a form of justice, an interrogation—a long and fruitless one. Georges Simenon, who wrote the French original—which Kitty Black has translated—seems eager to express something profound. His eagerness is not enough: the play reaches us as an anecdote, at first tediously squalid and then drawn-out, of the lower depths in an occupied capital (unnamed). A boy who begins by being a young thug, and who ends with a heroic gesture, cannot take the heart because we are not told what it is all about. It is better here to salute Norman Marshall's production—he can summon the atmosphere of a play unerringly—and the feeling performance of the Watergate cast.

Finally, to another of those Venetian courts where the legal procedure foxes us. "Fox" is the word, for the play (King's, Hammersmith) is "Volpone," with Donald Wolfitt flaunting through the piece as the rogue who opens with that high good-morning to his gold, and who ends with a fox's cry of pain at the judges' sentence. Wolfitt drives across the play like a sharp gale. Nobody else matters: in court and out the word is with the Fox of Venice.



TO BEGIN A SIX-WEEKS SEASON AT THE PRINCES THEATRE ON WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 4: GLEN BYAM SHAW'S SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL THEATRE PRODUCTION OF "ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA"—A SCENE SHOWING (CENTRE) MARK ANTONY (MICHAEL REDGRAVE) AND CLEOPATRA (PEGGY ASHCROFT).

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"VOLPONE" (King's, Hammersmith).—The most savage of the Jonsonian comedies, with Donald Wolfitt in full cry as the Fox who cries "Wolf!" too often. (October 12.)
 "BLIND MAN'S BUFF" (St. Martin's).—From the jury-box we watch proceedings at the Central Criminal Court in Dublin—a murder case of which Denis Johnston and the late Ernst Toller made one of the best court plays of our time. Note, in other scenes, John Phillips as the State Solicitor. (October 14.)
 "THE SNOW WAS BLACK" (New Watergate).—A messy business indeed, but well translated (Kitty Black from Georges Simenon), and produced (by Norman Marshall) with an art that we hope to see exercised on better plays. (October 16-25.)
 "DIE WALKÜRE" (Covent Garden).—A new Brunnhilde (Margaret Harshaw) and Siegmund (Ramon Vinay) in a Wagner revival, sung in German and conducted by Fritz Stiedry. (October 19.)
 "VIENNA BALLET" (Princes).—An all-female company, directed by Grete Wiesenthal. (October 19.)

THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

THEMES ANCIENT AND MODERN.

By PETER FORSTER.

IN a fortnight without notable new films, I permit myself to begin with mention of a notable old film. When I was a little boy, I was taken to see Greta Garbo in "Queen Christina": it made no impression whatsoever—indeed, the only reaction I remember was resentment at having to give up a fine afternoon which could have been devoted to cricket.

But the other day, in company with the members of a Sunday film club, I went to that famous little village hall-cum-barn in Hampstead called the Everyman, where so much stage history was once made (Nôel Coward's first play; the emergence of Edith Evans; Robert Loraine introducing Strindberg), and where now all the best old films sooner or later pass by, as friends are said to do at the Café de la Paix. And I saw "Queen Christina" again.

At first one was doubtful. The technique seemed so stilted, the build-up to the actress's appearance was so laborious, her poses at first so stylised: for ten minutes one felt it a mistake to have come. Thereafter, surrender was complete. Was there ever a lovelier woman seen on the screen? Or one (this came as rather a surprise) who could change so easily and bewitchingly from goddess to mere human being, and back? Here, surely, was the film star of stars; watching her, one was back in an older theatrical world, a world dominated by personal glamour which made it less important for an actress to act than to be. As the Swedish Queen's saga moved towards the inevitable tragic climax, one sensed a community of emotion in the audience of a sort found more often in the playhouse than the cinema, and I do not think there was anyone there that afternoon who was not sincerely moved.

I venture to invoke the glory that was Garbo (her "Anna Karenina" is promised shortly at the

constrain his natural temper and turn the other cheek to insults. Mr. Newton is "all bubukles and whelks and flames of fire," but his blockbuster quality of some years back seems to have evaporated. Perhaps

performance here confirms his emergence as the most powerful and important film actor of his kind since the early days of Charles Laughton.

Probably Mr. Hawkins is smiling a little ruefully at the renown he has won since "The Cruel Sea"; after all, he has been acting for thirty years, in parts as diverse as Young Woodley, Wilde's Algy Moncrieff and Othello. But now the film Moguls appear to have decided that he should be the Perpetual Commanding Officer, as Trofimov was the Perpetual Student.

The reason for this—and his new success—is not far to seek: Mr. Hawkins' strong card is authority, *auctoritas* in the Roman sense. The screen character he portrays best is the man you step aside for on the stairs, the man who dominates a group of other men quite effortlessly, the man who can drink flagons and never be drunk. If there is to be another film about Bulldog Drummond, Mr. Hawkins is the obvious choice. And he is, all this notwithstanding, a very fine actor.

In "The Intruder," it is true, a daring script-writer has demobbed Mr. Hawkins. Having been Colonel Merton during the war, he is now a well-to-do stockbroker. Returning to his house at night, he surprises a burglar, who turns out to be one Ginger Edwards, formerly a soldier under his command whose heroism on a desert occasion saved the unit. Mr. Hawkins plays this early scene of tension and recognition with quite superb power and assurance, and I must add immediately that Michael Medwin imparts to Ginger an endearing authenticity and variety of mood.

The burglar panics and runs off, leaving Merton wondering what has turned a good soldier into a thief; the rest of the film deals with his attempts to find out. In the event, the question is begged rather than answered; that is to say, we spend more time on flash-backs showing what a good man Ginger was during the war, than in suggesting why peace-time should have changed him. And the eventual explanation is all too trite—something about an unfaithful girl-friend and tyrannical guardian.

But "The Intruder" succeeds by virtue of the direction (Guy Hamilton, new to me) and of the acting. In particular, Nicholas Phipps scores as a waffling major in his anecdotal; Dora Bryan is extremely funny as an E.N.S.A. girl who rashly goes exploring a tank; and Dennis Price is brilliantly incisive in a small part as the type of ex-officer who insists on being called Captain, wears a loud pin-stripe suit and cultured pearl tie-pin, and conceals a cocktail cabinet in his office behind a false bookcase.

And there is always Mr. Hawkins to sustain attention when the script flags. He is one of our few



"MR. JACK HAWKINS' PERFORMANCE HERE CONFIRMS HIS EMERGENCE AS THE MOST POWERFUL AND IMPORTANT FILM ACTOR OF HIS KIND SINCE THE EARLY DAYS OF CHARLES LAUGHTON": "THE INTRUDER" (BRITISH LION), SHOWING THE SCENE AT THE BEGINNING OF THE FILM IN WHICH WOLF MERTON (JACK HAWKINS) SURPRISES A BURGLAR, WHO TURNS OUT TO BE ONE GINGER EDWARDS (MICHAEL MEDWIN), WHO WAS FORMERLY A SOLDIER UNDER HIS COMMAND.

it has something to do with his voice, which in California has acquired a thin, impeccable and quite ruinous Oxford accent.

The famous Broadway star, Maurice Evans, plays Cæsar, but with a kind of heady facetiousness which amounts almost to a parody of Sir John Gielgud's comic style; the film, one must conclude, is not Mr. Evans's medium. And an odd mixture of performers has an American television comedian, Alan Young, acting Androcles as though he were simply the funny man in a new serial called "Life with the Lions."

In a sense, the difficulty here is that "Androcles and the Lion" was always third-rate Shaw in the theatre, and the film that stays closely to the text cannot improve it. Granted, Shaw at his worst could still achieve touches to shame anyone else's best, yet in this case G.B.S. was clearly more interested in writing the Preface, which is twice as long as the play. And both demonstrate the shortcomings of the author's own outlook. Thus he wrote: "In this play I have presented one of the Roman persecutions of the early Christians, not as the conflict of a false theology with a true, but as what all such persecutions essentially are; an attempt to suppress a propaganda that seemed to threaten the interests involved in the established law and order, organised and maintained in the name of religion and justice by politicians who are pure opportunist Have-and-Holders."

That is the message of "Androcles," and it is, of course, a half-truth at very best. G.B.S. had some instinctive understanding of the religious impulse, but with theology he could not cope, any more than his irreverent, rational mind could understand fanaticism and motives transcending self-interest. "St. Joan" is a masterpiece because his feeling for the characters imbued them with tragic stature; in "Androcles" the characters are pasteboard, and the result now seems little more than a comic appendage to "Quo Vadis." Still it is, I hasten to add, a great deal more entertaining than that dreary, blood-bolter'd epic.

Another new film is British, "The Intruder," and it, too, is not altogether satisfactory; on the other hand, having had my attention completely engaged for an hour-and-a-half, I decline to call it a bad film. Moreover, it enables me to strike at least one optimistic note in this question of the decline of star players; for Mr. Jack Hawkins'



THIS FILM "SUCCEEDS BY VIRTUE OF THE DIRECTION (GUY HAMILTON; NEW TO ME) AND OF THE ACTING": "THE INTRUDER," SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE NEW BRITISH FILM IN WHICH WOLF MERTON (JACK HAWKINS) QUESTIONS CAPTAIN FIRRY (DENNIS PRICE); (LEFT) ABOUT A BRAVE YOUNG SOLDIER WHO SERVED WITH THEM AND HAS SINCE TURNED INTO A CRIMINAL.

National Film Theatre, by the way), because it seems to me that the films to-day, though technically so accomplished, are decidedly short of true star quality. Do Mr. Granger and Mr. Flynn make quite the impact of Valentino or Fairbanks the First? I doubt it. Is anyone loved as universally as I am told that Mary Pickford was? "Où sont les Négris d'antan?" Miss Bette Davis has her moments, but is there any actress now who can really compare with Garbo in the matter of her own essential glamour and appeal? Yes, there is one; but Mlle. Feuillère belongs to the stage rather than the screen.

Certainly it is not to be thought that nice little Miss Jean Simmons, who is given star billing in the new film of "Androcles and the Lion," can fill the gap that Garbo left. She is charming, fresh and wholesome, rather like breakfast food in an advertisement; but there is not an ounce of mystery in her cheery grin, nor can immortal longings be expressed by a pout. It may be objected that Shaw's Lavinia, the high-born Christian convert bent on martyrdom, is not a star part: to which the answer is that a star turns any part into a star part.

Then there is Mr. Robert Newton, who at one time looked like becoming an actor to reckon with. Here he is Ferrovius, the mighty blacksmith who has to



"WE SPEND MORE TIME ON FLASH-BACKS SHOWING WHAT A GOOD MAN GINGER WAS DURING THE WAR THAN IN SUGGESTING WHY PEACE-TIME SHOULD HAVE CHANGED HIM": "THE INTRUDER," ONE OF THE FLASH-BACK SCENES IN WHICH MAJOR WOLF MERTON (JACK HAWKINS) ASKS TWO OF THE MEN IN HIS TANK SQUADRON, CORPORAL SUMMERS (GEORGE COLE) AND PRIVATE EDWARDS (MICHAEL MEDWIN), TO "MAKE A RUN FOR IT TO MR. FIRRY'S TANK" IN A FINAL, DESPERATE BID TO MAKE CONTACT WITH THE BRIGADE.

new stars, and he should serve to remind those theorists who sometimes advocate the star-less film, in which everyone plays an equal, unnamed part, as in the Expressionist drama, that the cinema bereft of its stars would lose much of its salt, savour and attraction; not to mention its audience.

"THE ROBE," FIRST CINEMASCOPE PRODUCTION, DUE IN LONDON SHORTLY.



THE CENTRE PORTION OF A SCENE FROM "THE ROBE" AS IT WOULD APPEAR IF PROJECTED ON THE USUAL STANDARD-SIZED SCREEN (LEFT); AND AS THE COMPLETE FULL-WIDTH PICTURE APPEARS ON CINEMASCOPE'S WIDE SCREEN (RIGHT). MARCELLUS (RICHARD BURTON) BEFORE CALIGULA (JAY ROBINSON) WITH DIANA (JEAN SIMMONS; LEFT).



A SCENE FROM "THE ROBE" AS PROJECTED ON CINEMASCOPE'S WIDE SCREEN; AND (RIGHT) THE SAME SCENE COMPRESSED IN WIDTH ON THE 35-MM. FILM BEFORE FULL-WIDTH RESTORATION BY THE ANAMORPHIC LENS SYSTEM.



HOLDING THE ROBE WHICH MARCELLUS HAS TOSSED TO HIM: DEMETRIUS (VICTOR MATURE) AT THE FOOT OF THE CROSS.



WATCHED BY THE CHRISTIAN DEMETRIUS (VICTOR MATURE, STANDING; LEFT): MARCELLUS (RICHARD BURTON), PAULUS (JEFF MORROW) AND SOLDIERS DICING FOR THE ROBE.

On Thursday, November 19, at the Odeon, Leicester Square, London is to have its first view of the world's first CinemaScope production, Twentieth Century-Fox's Technicolor "The Robe," which opens a new era in motion picture entertainment. It was received with enthusiasm when presented at the Roxy Theatre, New York. "The Robe" is the first film with composite stereophonic sound, and by the combination of CinemaScope and the four-track sound on a single-strip of film, cinemas throughout Britain will be able to project on the Miracle Mirror Screens effects hitherto unobtainable in films. CinemaScope pictures give an "illusion" of 3-D, but are not, in fact, three dimensional, and do not require the use of polarised glasses. The systems of 3-D and of the CinemaScope were explained in diagrammatic

drawings in our issue of March 7. Scenes for the CinemaScope are compressed in width during the shooting and are restored to full width when projected on the screen, which is two-and-a-half times as wide as it is high. The CinemaScope screen is slightly curved and its effect is heightened by the stereophonic sound which comes from that part of the screen where the action takes place. "The Robe" is based on the well-known novel telling the story of Our Lord's Robe, for which the soldiers cast lots; and how it affected a group of Romans. Darryl F. Zanuck and Spyros P. Skouras, the 20th Century-Fox President, purchased the rights to the anamorphic CinemaScope system from Professor Chretien, its French inventor, last December.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

THE question what a novel is "about" can, as a rule, be answered—if not exhaustively, yet near enough—by a description of the setting and events. But there are times when it won't do. "The Dwarf," by Pär Lagerkvist (Chatto and Windus; 8s. 6d.), would on those terms become a pastiche of Renaissance Italy, seen through the wrong end of a telescope; a fake astonishing in brilliance, and of pocket size, but no more than a curiosity. Whereas the real theme is quite different; and not quite (as the jacket says) "the conflict in man's soul between good and evil." Rather, I should sum up *The Dwarf* as a war book. It was inspired by Hitler's Europe; and its concern is much less with the struggle between good and evil than with the inner being of evil. As the dwarf says in his sublimest hour—an hour of wholesale murder under trust—"Who knows anything about the dwarf soul, the most enclosed of all, where their fate is determined?" The object here is to present the "dwarf soul" in the light of day, anatomise its inner world, and trace its workings in society. The rest is only framework and occasion.

But this Italian state—civilisation in a nutshell—is for the purpose an ideal occasion: brilliantly small, inclusive and extreme, untropical and yet familiar. There is no bid to make it interesting in a new way. Just the reverse; originality is barred, and the whole scene exhales an air of expectedness. There is the Prince, a "whole man" on Renaissance lines, his Princess, a lascivious Madonna, and the New Humanist, who is conspicuously Leonardo by another name. There is the granite mercenary Boccarossa; war with "Il Toro," the hereditary foe; plague, poison, infantile and star-crossed love, even a Monna Lisa smile. All these are wonderfully rendered, one might say explored, but not in their own right. It is the Prince's dwarf who gives them meaning in the story.

The dwarf is a real dwarf, his master's cup-bearer and tool. Also, he is an aspect of the Prince. And then again, he is a recognised neurotic type. He has no conflicts; he has externalised them all, into contempt and loathing for mankind—especially its softer feelings and its animality. He can't bear to be touched. He is a thinker in his way, but all "philosophies of life" get on his nerves. Love he can't fathom, except as animality, when it revolts him. His ideal is power; and his ideal of power is Boccarossa. And, naturally, his ideal of bliss is a victorious war. Then he becomes grotesque; but when alone and bored, he has a kind of subterranean fire.

It is not easy to combine the personal and the symbolic. Sometimes the "meaning" is too raw, and sometimes wrapped in mist, and one is always conscious of a strain. But here there are rewards and subtleties at every step.

OTHER FICTION.

"The Emperor," by Robert Payne (Heinemann; 15s.), has this in common with "The Dwarf"—they are both "period," and both are chock-full of suggestion. Indeed, "The Emperor" is nearly all suggestion. It has a violently exotic setting in the gorgeous East: to be precise, the Mogul Court under the Emperor Shah Jehan. Its plainest character is the narrator, a mere Elizabethan exile with the rank of Khan, semi-retired in his old age, and married to a Persian princess. The rest are as exotic as the scene: princes and potentates, blazing in all the colours of the peacock, and enormous-eyed, or, for a change, ascetics wonderfully nude. And the events conform; each is outsize, yet evanescent as a cloud. Right at the start, the English Khan and his princess rouse the displeasure of the Emperor, and spend a night of agony in a locked room, hearing a man being whipped to death. Next morning they are back in grace, and the whole Court goes on a tiger-hunt—which in its turn casts an enormous shadow, and dissolves away. Even the plot—Prince Dara's losing war against Aurengzeb, who has usurped the throne—is like a cloudy and portentous dream. For incidents, "extraordinary" is the common word, while attributes are "unbelievable." It is a nonsense-story in a way; but it is really less a story than an atmosphere. And though it won't add up, it is distinctly fascinating to be in.

This week, for those who like an "ordinary novel," there is only one: "Itself To Please," by Mary Crawford (Cape; 12s. 6d.). But it is admirably good: neat, subtle, full of a perceptive warmth, and of a humour well embedded in humanity. An outline can't really be given; for though the stage is small, there are a lot of actors in the piece—and more surprisingly, none we could spare. Each has a personality and rôle; it may be slight enough, but they impinge. And that is just the drift; at all odd moments people are knocking into other lives, deflecting them without intent, and usually without awareness. Of course, the young are most susceptible to these collisions. Andrew and his three friends are young—in their last year at Oxford; they have as yet no groove, and Andrew happens to collide with a young wife, whose husband is in South America. Paula has been severely bullied in her marriage, and she needs a change. So she loves Andrew for a change—really without design. Still less has Andrew a design; and when her husband unexpectedly returns, he too, under a pulverising surface, is without design. . . . It may sound commonplace; but I have had to skip most of the people and events, and the beguiling atmosphere of youth.

Now we go right back to the odd, and in a certain sense to the beginning. "The Devil That Failed," by Maurice Samuel (Gollancz; 12s. 6d.), ought to have much more space. It is American: the story of an ordinary man, quiet, donnish and distraught, who suddenly becomes a giant. The first he knows of it is when he wakes up in the dark, tied hand and foot. His shouts summon a group of midgits . . . only, he finds, they are not midgits. This is a sanatorium, with a Hungarian staff: rather a queer place and a shady staff, but, in the agonies of readjustment to his freak disease, Alan gives little thought to them at first. Later the truth breaks in; he is a prisoner, and the head doctor is a scoundrel. This was no "accidental" change. . . . "Gulliver" springs to mind—and plays a vital part in the dénouement. The tale is brilliantly imagined at all points; I was not quite convinced, but very thoroughly impressed.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

I ALLUDED some months ago in these Notes to a recent development: of groups of players operating in ostensibly individual tournaments as a team. By agreeing as draws, after a few minutes' play, his games against the other members of his group, each can conserve his energies for his games against the "foreigners"; there can also be communal examination of adjourned game positions, etc. The cumulative effect can be quite considerable. As one who has competed in a number of master tournaments myself, and know how great the strain may be, I believe that, if aided by such team-work, I should normally score 20 to 30 per cent. more—which would mean an improvement of much more than 20 or 30 per cent. in my placing.

There were general fears of what might happen along these lines in the "Candidates" tournament at Zurich, where nine Russians vied with one player each from Hungary, the Argentine, the U.S.A., Holland, Sweden and Yugoslavia to gain the honour, by finishing first, to meet Botvinnik in a match for the World Championship next year.

It is pleasant to be able to say that team play was gratifyingly absent.

Reshevsky, the American champion, received his big chance in Round 21 entirely because Kotov had no mercy on his fellow-countryman, Smyslov, when the latter blundered. Smyslov had been leading the field; this lapse enabled Reshevsky to draw level. This was the historic position:



Smyslov here played 19... Kt-Q4.

Obviously he wanted to put pressure on the knight in front of Kotov's queen.

Obviously he was going to answer 20. Kt x Kt (attacking his queen) by 20... B x Kt, with 21... R x Q, 21... B x Kt, and 21... B x B all in the air.

The game continued:

20. R x Kt B x Kt

After 20... R x Kt; 21. R x Kt, R x Q; 22. R x Q, R x B, I cannot for the life of me see how Black can come to any harm. 21. B x R, B x R is no less innocuous. What was Smyslov's hallucination?

21. R x Kt

Of course!

21. R x R

22. B x B B-Q4

Perhaps he had thought that 22... R(Q2)-B2 would now recover the piece; but White could then hold everything by 23. Kt-B5.

With a bishop and a knight for a rook, White coasted comfortably to victory in eighteen more moves.

or clockwork, here they all are in generous and scholarly profusion—and you will probably be led to envy the lucky children of vanished ages, whose toys seem to have been so much more elaborate and entrancing than those which adorned your own nursery.

Another Batsford masterpiece which deserves a much more leisurely appreciation is Miss Gladys Taylor's gem on "Old London Gardens" (Batsford; 21s.). I cannot say more of Miss Taylor's style than that it reminded me, in itself, of the best of gardens—sunlit and gracious, a little formal, gentle, reflective and inviting. She enquires, at one point, what has been the influence of gardens in history, and hints at one or two interesting answers. Her book is indeed, like Francis Bacon's garden, "the greatest refreshment to the spirit of man."

During the war, the Austrian mountaineer Heinrich Harrer escaped from internment in India and found his way to Tibet, where he stayed for seven years, ending up as tutor to the Dalai Lama. His book, "Seven Years in Tibet" (Rupert Hart-Davis; 16s.), is full of interest, and he paints an attractive portrait of the lonely, intelligent and affectionate God-King of that remote land. — E. D. O'BRIEN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

NORWEGIAN DIVA TO TIBETAN GOD-KING.

MR. LOUIS BIANCOLLI, the American music critic, has shown much wisdom in his unusual treatment of Mme. Kirsten Flagstad's autobiography. He has entitled his book "The Flagstad Manuscript" (Heinemann; 21s.), but, as he points out himself, it consists of two manuscripts, differing sharply in key. The first part has little, perhaps, to distinguish it from the autobiography of other world-famous prima donnas. Mme. Flagstad came of a highly musical family, and she was encouraged from early childhood to sing and to play the piano. We hear of her years of training; of the forthright opinion of Dr. Bratt, of Stockholm, that her voice was far too small; of her début; and of successful appearances farther and farther afield, culminating in triumphs at Bayreuth and at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York. There are one or two remarkable incidents, notably that of the prisoner in Oslo gaol, who did not wish to be discharged until he had heard "that girl" sing again at Easter. More remarkable still is the fact, which Mme. Flagstad records with such lack of affectation that it rings absolutely true, of the comparatively subordinate rôle which singing occupied in her scale of interests and values. The break occurs at the point when Mme. Flagstad decided to leave America, in 1941, and to return to her husband in Nazi-occupied Norway. This took place at a time when the movements of all great artists were jealously watched for political significance, and Mme. Flagstad's reputation suffered cruelly. The situation was made worse by the fact that her husband was for a time a member of the Quisling Party, and that he had accepted an appointment offered him by the Quisling Government. The whole story is an object-lesson in the kind of mistake which can be made by the not very politically-minded, and what a terrible punishment can be exacted by those whose political consciousness has been sharpened and sensitised. It is crystal clear, however, from Mme. Flagstad's narrative, which is the more moving and persuasive from its transparent honesty and occasional naïveté, that she herself was never anything but a loyal subject of Norway—nor is there any reason to suppose that her husband was any more than politically apathetic and seriously ill-advised. One can but admire Mme. Flagstad's courageous facing of the storm, which came to its climax when she was publicly booed at a concert in Philadelphia, and rejoice that the American public made amends at her final appearance at the Metropolitan last year. At the end of 1953 Mme. Flagstad intends to retire altogether, even from the concert platform, and in this book she makes her future intentions quite plain to admirers who might expostulate with her: "I am going to sit," she tells them. "I am going to take a comfortable chair and sit. I shall do absolutely nothing at all." Here is courage of another (or is it, after all, of the same?) order.

I confess to being one of those who find Charles Dickens beguiling, without ever being able to accept wholeheartedly the reality of his characters and situations—even when he is not writing novels. "Letters from Charles Dickens to Angela Burdett-Coutts, 1841-1865," so admirably edited by Mr. Edgar Johnson (Jonathan Cape; 25s.), exactly exemplifies my point. Here we have the great novelist in his private capacity—and a sufficiently serious capacity it is—that of social and eleemosynary adviser to the wealthy Miss Coutts. Yet, to me, Dickens contrives to invest his most respectable efforts on behalf of charity and social justice with a lavish glitter which transforms them. It is as if the Welfare State were presented in pantomime. Perhaps it is that the whole thing reads so exactly like one of his own novels: the excellent Miss Coutts; the no less excellent Miss Meredith, who enjoyed such poor health; the "unfortunate" women for whom so much was done at Urania Cottage—and not all were "unfortunate," either, in the technical sense, for some were (oh, rapture!) "starving needlewomen of good character." It is not only that he is continually drafting such things as an "Appeal to Fallen Women," and a "Mark Table," whereby the "unfortunates" were assessed under the heads of Truthfulness, Industry, Temper, Propriety of Conduct and Conversation, Temperance, Order, Punctuality, Economy and Cleanliness. It is very largely, perhaps, his gusty writing, which makes so long a book so thoroughly enjoyable, and reads like one of his own even longer stories: "I think she would corrupt a nunnery in a fortnight": "We are at present engaged in getting up a play in a toy theatre. I am steeped to the very eyebrows in glue and paste"—"Tortures should not have elicited a word from me"—"It has been blowing great guns here—raining great waterspouts—hailing sugar loaves, and going all up and down the glass in four-and-twenty hours." This is the authentic Dickens, and every word of it is a (twopence coloured) joy!

I wish I had twice the length of this column to discourse of Mr. Leslie Daiken's "Children's Toys Throughout the Ages" (Batsford; 25s.). One can spend the happiest hour or two with one's nose glued, as it were, to this beautifully illustrated shop-window.

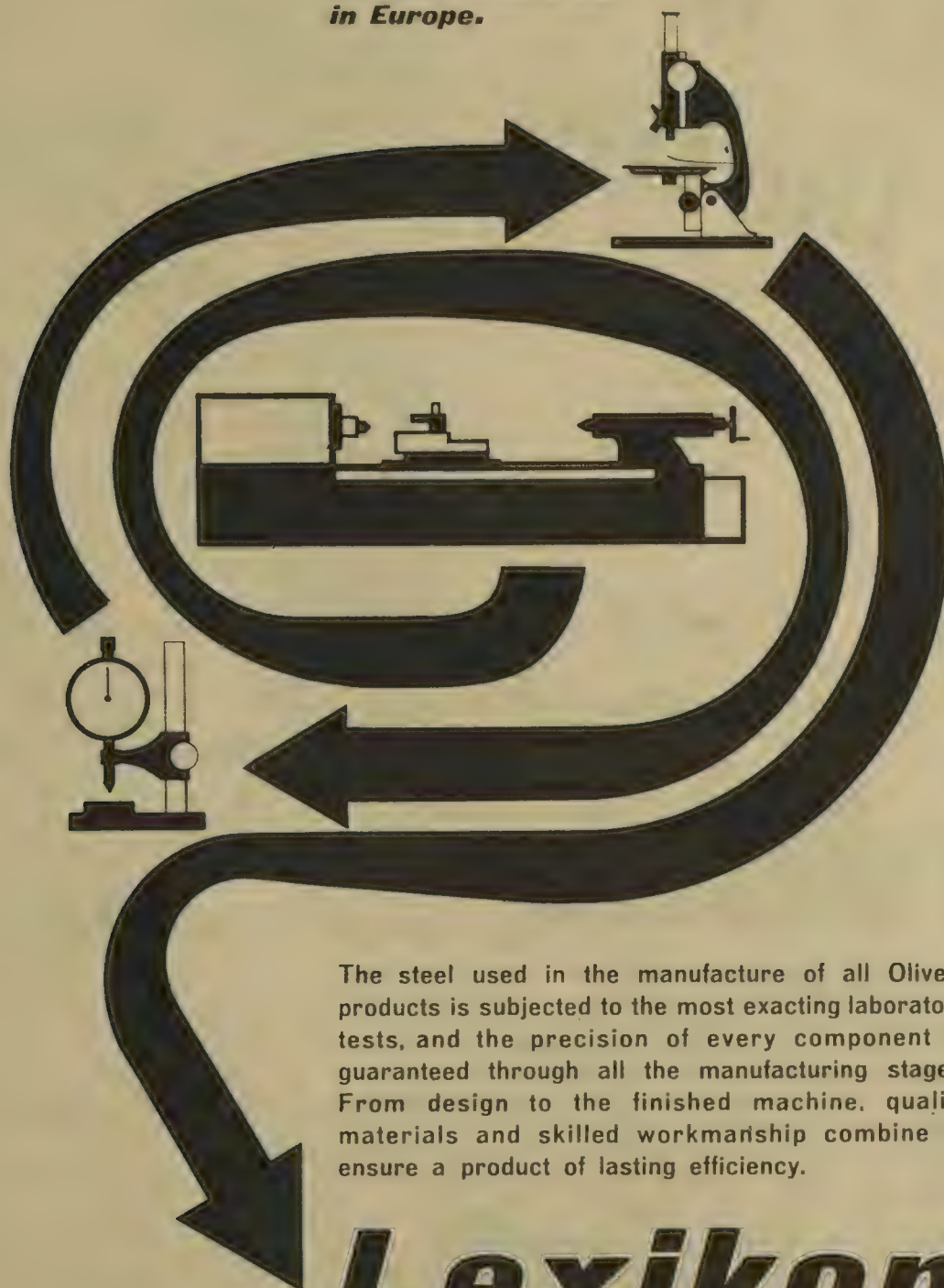
Whether you prefer dolls' houses or toy soldiers, tops and marbles, or even the most elaborate and entrancing of all, the doll's house, you will find in this book a generous and scholarly profusion—and you will probably be led to envy the lucky children of vanished ages, whose toys seem to have been so much more elaborate and entrancing than those which adorned your own nursery.

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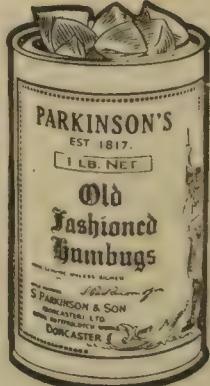
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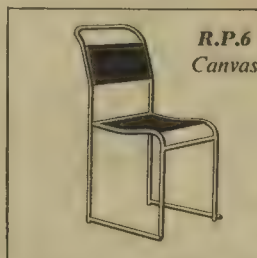


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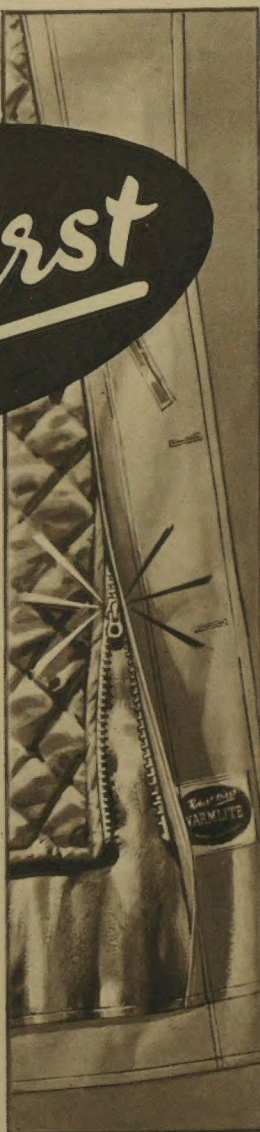
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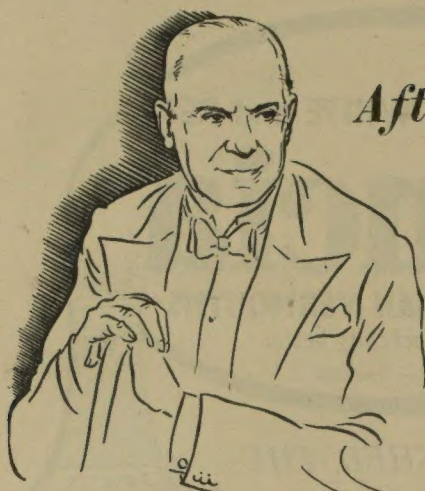
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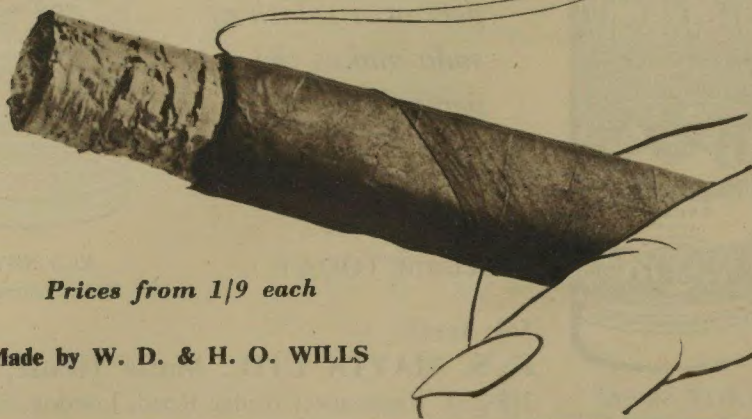


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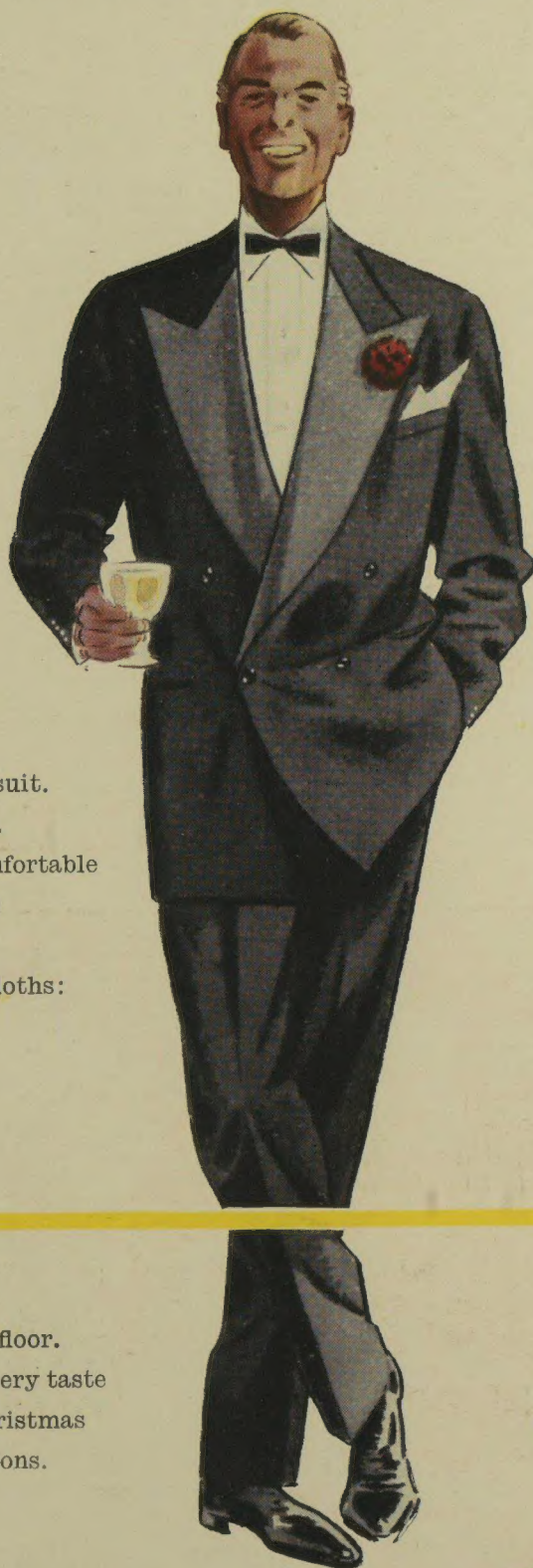
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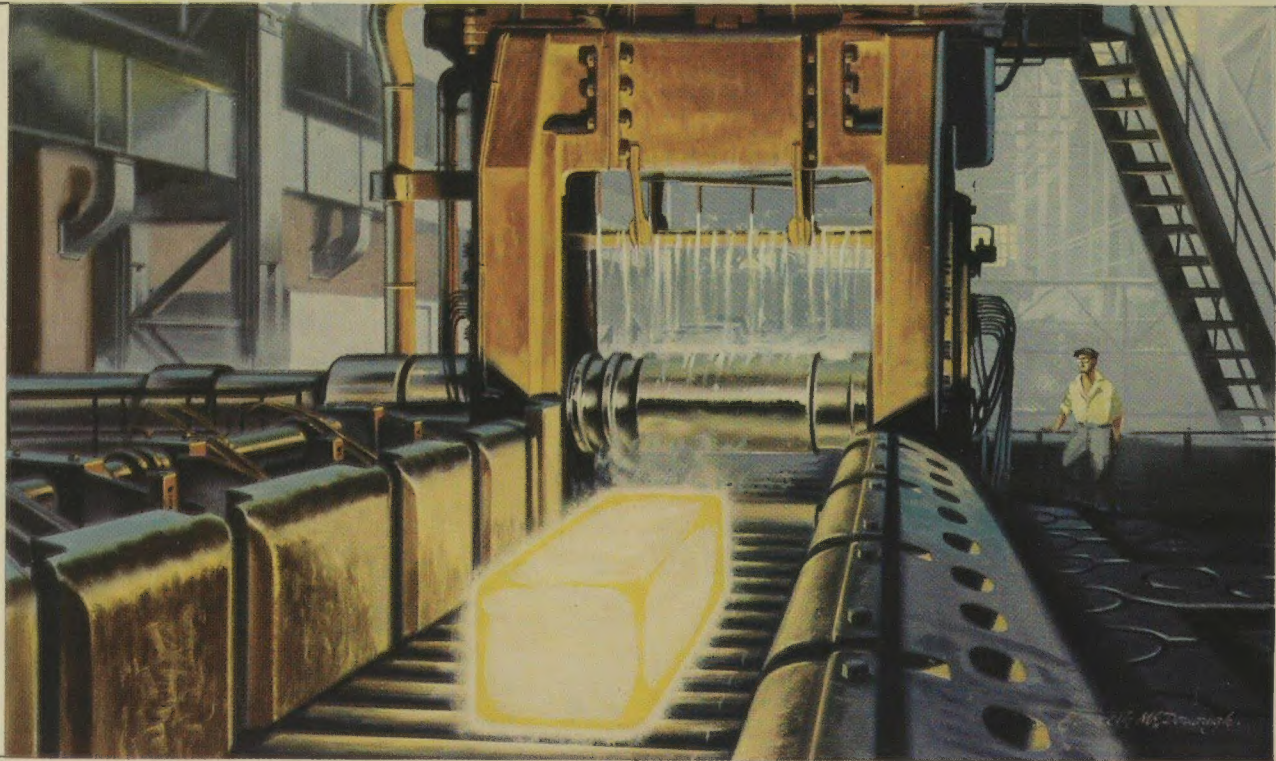
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